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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. XII.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1876, TO APRIL, 1877.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XII.—NOVEMBER, 1876.—No. 67.

FROM THE CENTENNIAL TO SAMBRO.

UNTIL within a few years past the British provinces were popularly regarded as a sort of outpost of the Arctic regions—a land of snow and fog, where the inhabitants went about most of the year clad in furs like the Esquimaux. The stream of summer travel has, however, lately taken a turn in that direction, and thousands of American tourists, equipped with Osgood & Co.'s handbooks for the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces, now yearly cross the great lakes, and drift down the St. Lawrence and the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. An adventurous clergyman on a cruise, like the Rev. George H. Hepworth, whose *Starboard and Port* has lately been published by the Harpers, will sometimes even make his way along the coast as far north as Labrador, where the shortness of the summer is compensated for by the wild and unusual scenery.

The Canadian section of the Great Exhibition made the Provinces better known than formerly to Philadelphians, and the international boat races on the Schuylkill brought out the merits of the hardy fishermen who toil along the rocky coast of Nova Scotia.

Last July, when the thermometer made its great leap up above 100°, and everybody was casting about for a refuge from old Sol's scorching beams, business affairs gave me the opportunity of a trip down the coast of Maine and Nova Scotia as far as Halifax, which I gladly availed myself of. The excitement of the Centennial Fourth was over. Even the Washington Marine Band could scarce attract people to the Lansdowne Ravine, and Constable's cool tints in the gallery of the British masters in Memorial Hall set people longing for the country and the shade of old poplars and elms.

I caught the last glimpse of the wide-spreading Quaker City from the connecting railroad bridge over the Schuylkill, with Girard Avenue bridge spanning the river below us, at midday of the 19th July. At five P.M. I was walking down West Street, New York, from the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry to Pier 28. My baggage was checked through to Boston, and I had nothing to do but saunter

down to the Fall River boat. Steam whistles were blowing, crowds rushing across to the ferries; hacks, horse-cars, drays, and express teams, blocking up every inch of way. The dialogue between the drivers at that hour is powerful and impressive. The scene is too familiar to New Yorkers to make them stop for a moment; but strangers must get even a better idea of the rush of an American city, from a view of West Street, at five o'clock in the afternoon, than even from Broadway at the same hour.

The steamship Providence was packed from stem to stern. The band was playing in the grand saloon, while the crowds, hurrying north to the mountains, or Newport, or the Maine watering-places, were promenading the decks. As we steamed slowly down the North River and swung around the Battery in full view of the Bay in the broad blaze of the evening sun, the scene was one which nature and the genius of commerce combined to make grand and inspiring.

There is nothing more glorious than a sail down the Sound in one of those palace steamboats on a fine July night, with a fresh breeze blowing and a brilliant sunset; nothing, unless it is the sail down Narragansett Bay on the return trip to New York on a supernal night in late September, with a full moon overhead and not a breath of wind stirring. The New Yorker, to whom the Fall River or Stonington boat is only the ferry to Boston, will talk to you of the Bay of Naples, but the sky and water around him would be enough to satisfy Ruskin.

Nature is doubtless best enjoyed in a solitary mood. Rousseau and Jean Paul Richter immerse themselves in its endless variety. But common man is gregarious, and a sense of companionship sometimes adds new emotions to a sunset at sea. Our reverie is tinged with the individualisms around us, and we float away with the curly colored clouds into vanishing possibilities for ourselves and others. One lights a cigarette after tea, and sauntering out on the upper saloon deck, pulls one of the small carpet stools towards him, and sits down with his arms over the rail of the ship, his face turned to the hazy descending sun glittering over the water. He is almost loath to think of ever quitting hold of life, everything seems so full of perfect harmony and beauty around him. The indistinct hum of voices behind him and around him chimes in with the feelings aroused by the gathering dusk. Family groups talk of Newport and the White Mountains. Some young fellows from the University of Pennsylvania are discussing the relative merits of the New Brunswick salmon rivers. All are full of the pleasures of expectancy.

Yet, were I to choose the time when the Sound travel is most enjoyable by association, it would be not in July, but on a rare night in the middle week of October, when the air is filled with a balmy haze, and the late harvest moon of the North steeps the whole scene in a bath of silver. People say to each other then: "This must be the Indian summer."

Ah, white-veiled, soft-voiced wraith of the departed season! The true summer is gone. Tourists are flying south, homeward bound to New York or Philadelphia or Baltimore, from New England and the Canadas. The boats are thronged with crowds brimful of sunburnt health and laughter. The pine-topped granite hills are behind them. The hum of the bees in the meadow-sweet behind the New Hampshire farmhouse in the hot summer mornings, is only a recollection. Friendships have been formed; the turn of a life perhaps decided. If a girl shivers in the cool night-air on deck, and draws her fall wrappings closer round her, has she any premonition of the icy breath of desertion? Partings are sad, even the parting with summer.

And with summer friends—what of them? But, then, there is the opera!

Return we to the scene on the Sound. It was July. But July on the Sound and July at the Centennial were wonderfully different. The air was cool enough to make me button up my linen duster over my coat as I walked on deck. We had passed Hell Gate an hour before—past Hallett's Point, where General Newton was still at work preparing for the great blast—and were now in the wide waters of the Sound. The sun was sinking behind the western shore. The clouds retained their vivid colors for a long time. From a central sea of fire rose castles, minarets, and broken arches of that rarest color of the ruby which jewellers call "pigeon's blood." Miles away the clouds toned down into purples and grays. Just above, where the sun had sunk, a lake of myrtle green receded into space with spectral mountains on its farthest shore. "O hyacinthine sea," I said, "might I float on forever amid scenes like these!" The senses are more acute with the falling night. Nature sinks into sleep, leaving man a solitary watcher.

Later; a thin scud was slowly drifting over the Sound at a lower elevation than the stationary clouds. As the last rays were reflected from the horizon and reached the level of the scud, they turned it into billows of fire rolling in immense volumes under the dark clouds above. It was a tremendous conflagration of the heavens. It was awe-inspiring, and involuntarily one recalled the imagery of that sublime hymn:

> Dies iræ, dies illa!
> Solvet sæclum in favillâ
> Teste David cum Sibylla.
>
> "O day of wrath, O fearful day!
> When the world in ashes shall burn away,
> As David witnessed and the Sibyls say."

I sat on deck until dark, watching the fading out of the last rays of color into the Indian-ink tints of night. One by one the lights appeared in the lighthouses along the shore—red, yellow, and green—fixed, revolving, and flash lights. One by one we passed them, and others came in sight. There was no moon. The groups on deck thinned out by degrees, and retired to their staterooms.

In the morning the shouting and tramping on deck and the silence of the great engines told us that we were at Newport. A hasty breakfast and we were off by the boat train for Boston. A marked change was visible in the landscape. My eyes had got accustomed to the broad, level fields around Philadelphia, the hardwood trees and luxuriant crops. Here I recognized once more the dark scrubby hills of the North; the twisted spruce and granite boulders; Indian corn scarcely two feet high in the fields; the grass everywhere virident instead of withered and brown.

Four hours in the "Hub," with its familiar streets, which seemed more crooked than ever, and its "burnt district," grand and new, and then we found ourselves in Haymarket Square at the Boston and Maine depot, checking our baggage through to Halifax via the steamship Falmouth from Portland.

The day was fine and the four hours ride to Portland by rail was as pleasant as railroad travelling can ever be, which is not saying a great deal. All the watering-places we passed along the coast of Maine were full. At Wells Beach I caught the first glimpse of the ocean, not having seen it for two years. I sniffed at the breeze to catch the well-remembered saline odor. The long blue line of the horizon, with the white sails painted against it, renewed youthful emotions. The sea is familiar, but never so friendly as the sky. It is cold and enigmatical. Its depths are azure like those of the atmosphere, but they are frightful, not full of peace. Yet it never ceases to attract us to watch and wonder at its waves. They

have a rhythm which is like an echo of eternity.

At Ocean Bluff and at Old Orchard Beach, several of our passengers left us to enjoy their summer holiday. At five o'clock we ran into the depot at Portland, having half an hour to spare for the Falmouth, which was lying at the long wharf with all steam up, waiting for the noon trains over the Boston and Maine and Eastern Railroads from Boston. The Falmouth was a little disappointing after the Sound boats. But on her own merits she is a fine ship: 1300 tons burden, 900 horse-power, a large and handsomely-upholstered saloon, and comfortable and well-ventilated staterooms. Her commander, Captain Colby, is an experienced and competent officer, the first of qualifications on this foggy coast, and is attentive to the comfort of his passengers. I feel bound to say so much in praise of the Falmouth, as our run of thirty-one hours from wharf to wharf—the distance between Portland and Halifax being three hundred and fifty miles—was one of the pleasantest salt-water trips in my recollection. I have never been seasick since my first voyage across the "big pond" in one of the Cunard mailers a good many years ago, and I rather enjoy a little tumbling about and a pipe under the lee guard at night. But the sea was calm as a clock, and the sky without a cloud. The Bay of Fundy for once forgot its rough ways and fogs. Nobody was seasick out of our one hundred and fifty passengers, except two or three women who came on board with their minds made up to be sick, and who would have been so had they been floated unawares into a drydock.

Among those victims to the novelty of seagoing were two tall, large but well-formed girls, the smaller of whom must have turned the scale at 160 pounds. At the wharf at Portland they had cheeks as red as roses, but when they appeared on deck for a few moments the next afternoon at sea, they were as pale as ashes; and I don't believe the color was washed off. I had first observed them on the deck of the steamer while we were getting under way at Portland. They were evidently girls in humble life, but their manner was not vulgar. They were probably working-girls returning to the Provinces. My attention had been directed to the younger of the two by an exclamation on her part, that if she "had the money for her ticket back again, she would not go." She was half laughing, but equally inclined to cry. The elder laughed at her hesitation. The younger said, "I'll not stay there if I don't like it." Her companion asked her where she would get the money to come back. She said, with emphasis, "I will find a way to get it if I want it." The conversation was carried on unrestrainedly, with that disregard of the bystanders common among people in humble life. Presently two young men came on deck from the wharf to bid them good-by. They were working men, and apparently compatriots of the girls. They separated into couples and sat down at a little distance from each other on the benches on deck. Only a few other passengers were present. Everything was in the bustle of departure. The younger one, sitting with her young man, burst into tears. "See," said the elder, "—— (calling her by her Christian name) is crying." Thus noticed, she put on a braver air, laughed a little, and brushed away her tears, her young man appearing to encourage her. I hate to see a young and handsome woman crying, and so I turned away and went forward. I afterwards saw them at the gangway bidding their two friends a last farewell, the young men jumping ashore as the planks were pulled on board.

There was certainly nothing fashionable about this leavetaking. Nothing of that "repose" that stamps the

caste of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Men being vain and pervious to ridicule, prefer demonstrations of affection to be in private, even at the cost of a cool parting. It is only the very great—queens or empresses—or the very humble to whom a public embrace is permitted, according to English or American standards. The great middle classes dread nothing so much as being ridiculous. A hand kept lingering in another, a quivering mouth, and eyes that would gaze forever into other eyes—these are their tokens of affection. Working-girls are more independent of criticism. They earn their own living, generally live alone, and have no friends to pinch each other and laugh at them.

In the case of this Portland Ariadne, who reversed the fable and left her Theseus behind her, other feelings were probably working besides the regret of parting. She was afraid of the sea and of the loneliness into which we were about sailing. Women are timid navigators. There is no record of a female Columbus. There have been Amazons. But the only position the most strong-minded of the sex never refers to with jealousy, is a sailor's on the lookout at the masthead, nearing land on a winter's night, or hanging on to the bowsprit furling the jib in a howling gale in mid-ocean. This poor girl on the deck of the Portland steamer, looking at the wide, watery expanse before her, and feeling that she was about to plunge into the unknown, clung to her young man as a sort of cable that still held her to the shore.

The night was glorious, but cool enough for a thick overcoat. We ran down the coast of Maine with the open sea on our right hand. The ship rose and fell with the long swell sliding under her bows, but hardly rolled a foot from side to side. A fleet of schooners, loaded with ice, coming out of the Kennebec River, crossed our bows two or three miles ahead. They were all bound for Philadelphia, Captain Colby told us. What a crop of the gelid luxury the poor sweltering souls at the Centennial must have consumed during the season!

The tones of sunset on the open sea in northern temperate latitudes have more umber in them, are colder and more subdued than in inland waters. The distances appear greater. The horizon is boundless to the east, and has not the refracting and radiating powers of mountains or a coast-line. A haze from the land precedes the setting sun and accompanies the descent of the fiery orb into the west. The prismatic colors are fewer in number and less brilliant. Reds and yellows predominate. They shade off into lead color. The delicate tints of emerald, pale orange, and violet are more vague, and disappear quickly. But, to compensate for this atmospheric simplicity, the color of the water is more profound, and the mingling of sea and sky is inexhaustible in interest and beauty.

The night was dark but starlit. The captain pointed out the lights on the Maine shore to the few passengers clustered on the foredeck. Most of the men smoked a pipe or cigar, and then turned in. The next morning (Sunday) rose with an equally fair sky and smooth sea. We were crossing the Bay of Fundy and soon sighted Seal Island, at the extreme southern coast of Nova Scotia. It is a rocky and dangerous island, and navigators generally give it a wide berth. But it looked peaceful enough covered with green on that bright July Sunday morning. Some cables' length from the shore, between us and it, and about three miles off, we could see the waves breaking over Seal Rock. Here the steamship Chase, from Portland for Halifax, was lost in a fog about three years ago, but fortunately all hands saved.

After breakfast the ladies got out their new novels and magazines, sat down in the sun on deck with their

shawls around them. We had no clergymen on board, and the captain did not pipe to prayers. The men passengers gathered about the forecastle deck, smoking and watching the passing sails. About eleven o'clock the breeze freshened a little, and the captain set his square foresail to gain half a knot if he could in his reckoning. The sails flapped, bellied out, shivered, and drew a little. But the wind was almost dead aft, and the ship was steaming along at a rate almost equal to its velocity; so we did not gain much by this manœuvre. The sea was still smooth and the sky fair. The crisp waves sparkled in the sun. Far off the blue sky descended sheer into the water. Suddenly we were all electrified by a cry from the man at the wheel, "There she spouts!" All hands jumped from their seats and rushed to the rail. Crossing our bows, a quarter of a mile away, a whale had broken water and spouted. Presently he came to the surface again on our starboard quarter and spouted. A round, thin column of blue water rose in the air about eight or ten feet and then feathered off into spray. Another shout from the other side of the deck. Another whale had spouted on our port beam. We were in the midst of a school of those huge dwellers of the deep. In a few minutes one rose a little distance astern, spouted, flung his enormous head out of the water, then dived, raising a tail-fin like the sail of a windmill, clear above the surface as he plunged under. He was a monster, thirty or forty feet long.

After this little excitement the day wore away quietly on deck and in the saloon. Headlands after headlands, deep bays, and rocky islands, as the Falmouth sped swiftly along the Nova Scotia shore. Green promontories came in sight, edged abreast of us, and then sank behind us. Near Liverpool a gaunt skeleton of a large ship swung on a ledge of rocks in the bare sun, about three miles off. Her masts were still standing, and the day was so bright we could almost count her timbers. She was wrecked about three years ago. She had been got off the rocks where she had first struck, by speculators belonging to Halifax; but, the tide leaving her, she had again stuck fast before she was quite clear of the ledges. She had then been stripped and abandoned. She was coming from the eastward, and must have struck bows full on. Her empty hull rolled in regular oscillations from side to side, but the sea was peaceful enough about her now.

After dark the air got decidedly cold. There was no mistaking the fact, even in July, that we were on the Nova Scotia coast. The night was clear but dark; starlit, but no moon. There was no fog. It was one of those nights when a ship nears port with confidence, but keeps a good lookout. The Great Bear glittered almost overhead, Orion sparkled, but these and all the other stars and constellations seemed to shine out from fathomless deeps in the black vault around them. A dim line, a darker shade along the horizon, showed the land to an experienced eye. The second mate and two seamen ran from the forecastle at frequent intervals and hove the lead, then reported to the captain. "We'll sight Sambro light in an hour," he said. Sambro light is at the entrance of Halifax harbor; two hours would then bring us to the wharf. It was then after nine o'clock. A few men were on deck; we were all muffled in overcoats. The ship trembled and swung through the surrounding darkness. The stars glinted overhead. All was silent, and if there had been any wind we should have heard the breakers. We were passing Mars Head light. On such a night, dark but starlit, no fog, but a little more wind, the fated Atlantic rushed to her doom on that awful ledge. Over three hun-

dred lives were lost. We peered out in the gloom towards the light. It was about five miles distant. In imagination I could almost hear again the shrieks and groans of that multitude of shipwrecked souls floating out from the land. Captain Colby, who was then on the "Carlotta," was coming in on the same night from Portland, just as we were now. He afterwards took up some of the survivors to Halifax. The man at the lookout, it is said, saw or heard the sea breaking as the Atlantic steamed headforemost on to the land, and shouted, "Breakers or ice ahead!" There was not much sea, and it was even then time to save the ship. But the officer on deck, who was afterwards lost, instead of instantly ordering the engines to be reversed, ran forward, and, before he knew her danger or could retrieve his mistake, she was on the rocks.

A lighthouse has since been built on Mars Head; but it is scarcely needed. On the true course of the Atlantic, Sambro light ought to have been in sight. All shipmasters agree on that. We had already sighted it on board the Falmouth. It is the finest light on the coast; a powerful fixed white light, at an elevation of one hundred and fifteen feet above high water, and can be seen twenty-one miles on such a night.

Bravely and steadily the good ship Falmouth flung the waves from her bow as we neared Sambro. Soon we were abreast of the light. Here we might consider our voyage ended. Sambro light is the great objective point of all ships making Halifax harbor at night. How many thousands have gazed at it on dark and sullen nights from the deck of the Cunard, or Allan, or Anchor, or Inman steamers arriving from Liverpool and Queenstown, or the coastwise steamers from New York, Boston, or Portland! The lighthouse is built on Sambro Island. It is a white octagonal tower, sixty feet high. It stands on high ground near the middle of the island, one and three-quarter miles from the shore and Cape Sambro, and southwest four and a half miles from Chebucto Head, the western point of the entrance to Halifax harbor. It exhibits, at an elevation of one hundred and fifteen feet above high water, a fixed white light, visible in clear weather twenty-one miles. A Dobell's fog trumpet was placed south of the lighthouse a few years ago, but it was not found to work well, and the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries returned for a time to the use of guns in foggy weather. The Department is now putting up a new fog whistle, which will soon be in operation, when the guns will be disused.

We had now opened the light on Chebucto Head. This is a revolving white light, attaining its greatest brilliancy once every minute. The lighthouse is built on Chebucto Head, a precipitous cliff, of whitish granite, one hundred and six feet high. The water is deep close to the bluff. As we approach one of those powerful revolving lights from sea on a dark night, drawing nearer and nearer to it, and closer to the land, with nothing to break the stillness all around except the sweep of the ship's paddles, the feeling produced is intense. We experience curiosity, mingled with an expectancy which is almost awe. The night was calm, and we must have been within half a mile of the land; but when the lantern illuminated the beetling cliff it seemed hardly more than a stone's throw distant. I watched the light gradually attaining greater brilliancy as the full face of the lantern revolved towards me. Brighter and brighter grew the stream of light over the water between the lighthouse tower and the ship. Still brighter! Then while I slowly counted one, two, three, the full refulgence gleamed in a long lane of silver over the dark rippling waves, almost dazzling the eyes when they were fixed on the

light. Then slowly it faded again and so returned; faded and returned. The light had a curious effect, bringing out the cliff on which it stood in a spectral way, and flinging ghostly shadows over the ship's deck. A small schooner, with a light at her masthead, was creeping along the shore, and was sometimes revealed, and picked out as it were from the surrounding darkness, by the light from the revolving lantern.

Close by is Camperdown flagstaff, one hundred and sixty-eight feet above high water, from which arriving vessels are signalled to York Redoubt, the next signal station inwards. As we passed we could observe the lights going up in the profound darkness, signalling our arrival to the distant city. York Redoubt is an old fortification, situated on a steep granite cliff, giving it the appearance of an ancient castle at a little distance. It is named after the Duke of York, the brother of George IV. Another royal duke, the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen, resided in Halifax at the beginning of the century, and held high revels there at what is still known as the "Prince's Lodge," on Bedford Basin. From York Redoubt arriving vessels are signalled to George's Citadel, which overtops the city, and from its lofty flagstaffs the flags or balls by day, or different colored lights at night, announcing the character and course of the incoming steamer, east or west, can be seen from every street and wharf.

It was within a few minutes of midnight. The red light on Maugher Beach opened ahead; a familiar sight from the city wharves. We entered the harbor, and passing McNab's Island and George's Island, with its Armstrong guns pointing out to sea and covering all approaches, the lights of the sleeping city came in view. We swung into the wharf a little after midnight. Some of the passengers who had friends waiting for them went ashore. The rest remained on board until morning, and then scattered to their various destinations.

THE SINS OF EUROPE.

We are far from constituting ourselves judges in this question. We are simply jurors, whose attention is called to a notorious fact,—Europe has sinned, and is actually sinning greatly and multifariously. Another equally notorious fact presents itself to our observation, which we have no difficulty in discerning as the grand and palmary effect of the former,—there is no peace in Europe. Not that the nations are in open warfare with each other; no, but because each suspects the other of foul and ambitious designs. Again, they suspect the people, and these in turn the governments. Things are in a most abnormal condition, suspended in mid-air, as it were, and nations and individuals are ever on a torturing *qui vive*. There is neither peace nor war, but a gross disorder is everywhere prevalent. Philosophers and politicians excogitate theories, as numberless as senseless, to arrive at the cause of the disorder. But the Christian common-sense explanation of the whole matter is couched in God's own words: *Non est pax impiis*—there is no peace for the wicked. This is alike applicable to governments and individuals. A writer in

a recent number of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, reasons profoundly on this question. In the spirit of Christian philosophy, and guided in particulars by his lucubrations, we will review the transgressions of Europe *summatim*, intimating *en passant*, not ours, but the eternal judgments of God upon such prevarications. Against sinning governments God has written: "He will speak to them in his wrath, and in his fury will he disturb them" (Psal. ii, 5); and the sins of people reduce them to misery and wretchedness: "Sin makes people miserable" (Prov. xiv, 34). Europe has no longer peace, because in her directive, diplomatic, legal, or, as they say, *official* capacity, she has abandoned herself to irreligion, and has drawn a great portion of the people into apostasy. In this excess, which comprehends numberless others, Christian thinkers discern the principal cause of the actual state of things. State, did we say? No, chaotic perturbation is more to the point. Nothing is written or spoken of but arms, armies, fleets, alliances, dangers, probabilities, and possibilities of wars. Every nation seems to writhe in the throes of a mysterious flagellation, administered by God. Whether we gaze from the material and human standpoint, or from the moral and divine, we behold fear and confusion. The public powers tremble, individuals tremble, liberals tremble, Catholics tremble, the wicked tremble, the good tremble. The evidences of the overflowing of the cups of Babelic Europe, the civilizing, the progressive, and the enlightened, appear on all sides. That innate sentiment that the justice of God is at work, punishing socially, for the social crimes of governments and people, is aroused in the breast of every one, be he Christian or unbeliever. Well for our peace of mind were we certain that the heaviest blow of the chastisement had already fallen. But the peculiarity of the chastisement which is actually being inflicted is, that terrible suspense, that certainty and uncertainty concerning the future—certainty that other punishments will come, uncertainty as to their nature and effects.

Without touching upon the particular perversity of some states of Europe, which seem desirous of outsinning the foul demon himself, we will restrict ourselves to the solemn and public sins of Europe. The primary transgression, and root of all the rest, is the war against the Catholic Church, either waged directly, permitted, or at least regarded with indifference. There is not a nation in Europe which can say with truth, *Innocens sum sanguinis hujus*—I am innocent of the blood of this one. In this period of an age which calls itself singularly civilized, because singularly jealous of liberty, we are the witnesses of the abominable spectacle of the most unbridled license granted to every possible monstrosity in religion, and of the most inhuman tyranny exercised towards the Catholic Church alone. Indeed, legal or arbitrary injustice towards the persons, things, and rights of the Catholic Church is regarded as the perfection of the civilization of the modern states of Europe; hence the more civilized are they the more they oppress Catholicity by their laws, vilify the hierarchy, impoverish the priesthood, throw obstacles in the way of worship, and render Catholic teaching odious. This so-called civilization simply resolves itself into *antichristianity*, which consists in separating everything which belongs to the civil order from the religious, politics from the gospel, public right from divine right, conscience from the Decalogue, the people from God, the faithful from the Church, and Christian society from Jesus Christ. All this is called *secularizing* the legislation, repristinizing, so to speak, the independence of the state and of the citizens, and restoring to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar. Different states

possess this civilization in different degrees, but all are invested, some through malice, some through political motives, some through servile fear. But they have all "conspired in one, against the Lord and his Christ;" all desire to exclude Jesus Christ from their civilization, to live separated from the Church of Jesus Christ. They want universal *secularization.* Now this sin, which includes a formal apostasy of the powers from God, is precisely that which he decreed to punish from the high heavens with his tremendous contempt and fury: *Qui habitat in cœlis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos. Tunc loquetur ad eos in ira sua, et in furore suo conturbabit eos*—He that liveth in the heavens will laugh at them, and the Lord will mock them. Then will he speak in his wrath, and in his fury disturb them. How true every word of this prophecy is, history tells us. We refer the reader to the history of Nero and his followers, not excepting the empireless monarch who died at Chiselhurst. That these threats, so faithfully carried out, are addressed to the kings of the earth, is appositely proved in the following verses: "And now, ye kings, understand; learn ye who judge the earth. Serve the Lord in fear, and exalt him in trembling. Learn discipline, lest the Lord grow angry." As sure as the potentates of Europe have offended, so sure will they suffer. *Cœlum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non præteribunt.* But let us glance at the alarming extent of this apostasy, which has led Europe into a series of sacrileges, iniquities, and crimes, which, in certain respects, have reduced her below the level of the most barbarous nations of Paganism. We pass over the spoliation of the Church, the robbery of things sacred to God, the demolition of his temples, or their conversion into base or profane purposes, the dispersion of the religious orders, the proscriptions, the exiles, the imprisonment of Catholic bishops and priests, every one of which cries to heaven for vengeance. Another effect of the apostasy of the nations, and the cause of many sins, is the Masonry, which is notoriously hostile to Christianity, and subversive in tendency of religious and civil peace. Freemasonry is not only tolerated in Europe, but promoted, favored, privileged; even raised to the honor of thrones, and the most powerful of these too. Hence, *anti-christian* Masonry has come into the possession of nearly all that has been taken from the Church of Christ, and people baptized in the faith, and redeemed by Christ, are abandoned to the discretion of secret powers, which deny Christ and his baptism. Upon the altar where states formerly adored the true and living God, they now adore the lying and evil-designing Moloch of the Masonic lodges. We behold the sad effects of this in the numerous socialistic and international sects which begin to prevail among the working classes, and which are the favored offspring of Masonry. Governments tremble, and with reason, at the formidable proportions assumed lately by these anarchists. But the fault lies with themselves. For Christian civilization, they have substituted Masonic barbarism.

Besides this, there is the unbridled license, either permitted by the authorities, wickedly connived at, enjoyed by the press and the theatres, of blaspheming and vilifying everything sacred and venerable in heaven and upon earth. And not only is God, with all that is suggestive of Christianity, brought into ridicule, but the very first elements of human morality are ignored with malicious intent, every virtue is derided and pronounced hypocrisy, and the foundation itself of social life and the order of nature is being uprooted. This is a most execrable license, the criminal nature of which is aggravated in this, that these same powers deny it, and punish it when it violates the dignity of their own per-

sons and the laws. Hence it is no unusual sight nowadays to behold this monstrosity,—every public outrage to the majesty of God is lawful, but woe betide the man who outrages the majesty of the ruling sovereign. For instance, in Germany, a horrible blasphemy against Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is regarded by the law as "*an innocent* witticism." But "an innocent witticism" pronounced at the expense of his Bismarckian celsitude, or his imperial majesty, is severely punished. In Italy, the man who laughs at the unity of God, is regarded as "a man of spirit," but the "man of spirit" who calls the unity of Italy into question, is imprisoned. From all this, blasphemy and profanity have become fashionable, and is to be noticed in the scientific and elegant world, among the laboring classes to an extent which excites the horror of our most ungodly Americans, and good round oaths of the most original coinage are not unfrequently heard in certain Parliaments. Add to all this the loathsome spectacle of public immorality, against which the governments of Europe not only take no measures, but they even vaunt their civilization in that they regulate it by *sanitary* laws, something unheard of in Babylon, in Nineveh, in Athens, and in Rome. And worse than all, in the country towns and villages, where immorality of this nature cannot thrive, the feasts and ceremonies of the Catholic Church are so hampered and restricted by the laws, that they may be considered as suppressed. This is done under the plea of providing for public order and decorum. In Italy, for example, the clowns of the Carnival are permitted to assemble in the public thoroughfares, but sacred processions are prohibited. The bust of the blasphemous Mazzini may be carried in procession through the streets, but not Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—forbid it decorum, and public health! We pass over the enumeration of the crimes which are of daily and hourly commission. We would only remark that assassinations, robberies, and suicides are increasing frightfully.

Another great sin of the governments of Christian countries in Europe is the perversion of public instruction. Nearly every state has deprived the Church of her God-given liberty, and ignored her duty of educating the youth admitted within her pale by baptism. Where they have not taken this prerogative from her, they have hampered its exercise by odious laws. On the contrary, the most ample liberty is given to impious sectaries to convert the depositories of science into sinks of error and corruption. The *secularization* of instruction by the state has produced this effect, that materialism and atheism are taught publicly in the *cathedra*, and the young people are taught by teachers of government appointed, who are paid with the money of believing Christians, that God does not exist, that man differs but little from the brute, that the Gospel is only a legend, the faith of Jesus Christ superstition, that the immortality of the soul and its consequent happiness or misery in the world to come, a poetical humbug; that enjoyment here below is the end of life, and that the only divinity to which incense must be offered is the state. But God has beclouded the minds of these potentates, so that they cannot perceive that all this tends to the most absolute anarchy. We might say a great deal more about the manner in which elementary justice is doled out; about the liberty of conscience; about those abominable laws which are destructive of the domestic ties; about tributary systems and taxes which ruin patrimonies; about the taxes on *blood*, to wit, military conscriptions; about armies which reduce the people to the verge of starvation, and drink up the best blood of the nations; about articles in the civil and penal codes of laws which offend the most inviolable liberties

of man; but we pass on to the consideration of another of Europe's sins, not the least indeed, the violation and utter extinction of international law, that law which regulates the relations between one nation and another, and which our forefathers *anatonomastically* called, the Law of Nations, *Jus Gentium.* The *secularization* of politics in Christian states, and their separation from the eternal maxims of the Gospel, not only has made them lose the practical conception of the law, which, according to St. Ambrose, is founded in charity, and, according to St. Thomas, is reason existing in God, *ratio in Deo existens*, which is the mind of God, *mens Dei*, which is the supreme norma of human actions, but they have even lost the conception of the law of nature, of the essence of natural right, founded in sound reason, and which exists between man and man, between nation and nation. They have taken up another code, which they style the *new*, the supreme principle of which is interest, and the purpose is robberies, or to use the new phraseology, *annexations*, which St. Augustine calls great robberies, *latrocinia magna*, and the means of which are perfidy, deceit, betrayal, and brute force. Hence Bismarck's maxim, *la force prime le droit*, which is the juridical synthesis of modern civilization. The Viscount de la Guéronnière, one of the accomplices in the policy of Napoleon III, and who enthroned in Europe this diabolical policy, in a work written last year, a short time before his death, thus expresses his remorse at the extinction of international law, which he (falsely) says, perished in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. "The equilibrium of Europe, having left the long and patient labor of all the diplomatic traditions, has fallen under the tyrannical weight of the Treaty of Frankfort. Alsace and Lorraine, which were French for two centuries, have been detached from the nationality of which they had become integral parts. The national unity of France is wounded. The balancing power of the states is falsified. The independence of the weak is threatened. Liberty of alliance does not exist any longer. We must begin at the beginning, to do it all over again." But this famous intriguer had not the honest, common sense to perceive that the dissolution of international law had been commenced long before by his patron, Napoleon III, when he attempted to violate it against the Pope in the Congress of Paris, in 1856, and which he continued to do in the war of 1859. He forgot that the iniquities committed by the French Empire against the Roman Pontiff should, by a just judgment of heaven, be expiated in France, and by France, and that the political equilibrium of Europe was not lost in the Treaty of Frankfort, which took two provinces from France, but was destroyed in Rome, on the 20th of September, 1870, by the celebrated breach, without pretext, without provocation, which overthrew the august throne of the Pontiff, and constituted him in a state of moral imprisonment, and which the states of Europe should not have permitted. This act of the occupation of Rome, contrary to international law, was the seal which authenticated the death of public right in Europe, and was, at the same time, the title of a new debt which sinning Europe contracted with God. But she will pay even the last farthing of this debt, even as the first negotiator of it, Napoleon III, paid his quota in the humiliations of Sedan, and the exile at Chiselhurst.

That this debt shall be paid we have a pretty strong and consoling assurance in the life of Pius IX, whom Providence so visibly and wonderfully aids and protects. God, who in his infinite decrees established a temporal sovereignty of the Church, to insure the perfect independence of her chief pastor, permitted him to be

deprived of this temporality, at the very moment when the malice of the politicians of Europe was directed against the Church governed by him. And this, for the evident purpose of making the supernatural assistance accorded to his pontiff the more manifest and palpable. Truly is his prophecy fulfilled, *qui habitat in cœlis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos.*

Any one having faith, and observing this great accumulation of sins, cannot but shudder in reflecting on the effects of the Divine indignation. And any one not having faith, but believing simply in the existence of a God who is the vindicator of natural justice, must admit, that this general contempt of public and private honesty will certainly draw upon Europe a terrible chastisement. It requires no extraordinary faith to make us comprehend that the cruelties of Russia, for instance, against the Poles, who are proscribed and outlawed, simply because they are Catholics, and desire to remain such, cry to heaven for vengeance; as do likewise the barbarities of Prussia, in utter contempt of the liberty of conscience of fourteen million German Catholics; as the beastly and cowardly violence of Switzerland, which places the glory of its civil liberty in enchaining the religious liberty of its citizens who are faithful to the Roman Catholic Church. These are iniquities which are open to the most unqualified condemnation, not only of the believers in Jesus Christ, but of any man who has not trampled his sense of what is just and fair under foot. Such crimes violate the code of the Gospel, that of nature, the right of God, and of the people.

We might speak in particular of the culpability of Catholic states; of an Italy which re-echoes the anti-christian sentiments of Prussia; of a Spain which has just inflicted a mortal blow on that religious unity, which has hitherto been her glory, and of a France, which, notwithstanding that the hand of God has been upon her for the last six years, with the view of recalling her to her duty, still permits grave disorders and crimes, an obstinacy in acknowledging that the hand of God has touched her, which excites our compassion. But we will conclude. These remarks are too theological. Not progressive enough! Reader, they are founded on the reality of those things which suffer no change, no regressions, no progressions. They were always, as they are, and will be, the revelations of God, and the laws of nature. As there cannot be two Gods, nor two Christs, nor two faiths, nor two Decalogues, nor two human natures, so there cannot be two contradictory justices, nor two contradictory virtues. Hence, it is useless for people to flatter themselves that God will bring himself to consider as just that which is unjust; as virtuous and meritorious, that which is punishable and dishonest. The *new* code will never be admitted among the codes of the Lord; the virtues of Europe in her *new* code are great sins in the eternal codes of God, and must be expiated, as he is most just.

ST. PATRICK AND OSSIAN.

'Twas thus the Fenian bard began,
"Where is thy God, thou puny man?
Thou who ne'er braved the battle's roar,
Nor ever pressed its purple floor;
Who never reaped with shearing sword
The joys sublime which wars afford.
Show me a Dun like Allen's, where
Thy boasted God hath placed his chair."

PATRICK.

See'st thou the sky, which broad and grand
O'ercanopies this evening land,
Which towers so high and spreads so far,
Beyond the sun or vesper star,
That radiant sphere, all pomp and gold,
Through which the fleecy clouds are rolled,
That boundless arch is but the floor
Of his great hall whom I adore.
The stars that burn when night prevails
Are clenchings of the golden nails.
That splendid arch, that radiant dome,
Is but the outside of his home,
Where, throned above the highest height,
His shadow beams, the solar light.

Traverse the forest, frowning high,
That climbs the hills to reach the sky;
Which solemn, silent, grim, and drear,
Is viewed with awe, and trod with fear.
My God within that forest dwells,
And every leaf his wisdom tells.
Thou hear'st him in the moaning breeze,
That stirs and sways the giant trees;
Thou hear'st him in the surgings dread,
When wild the woodland waves its head.
Thou hear'st him in the crashing roar,
When down the heavens the tempests pour;
Thou hear'st him in the voices loud
That clamor in the thundercloud;
He's clearly heard when, armed with fire,
The tempest wakes old ocean's ire;
He's likewise heard when, hoarse and hoar,
The madd'ning billows lash the shore;
And in the silence of the night,
When golden planets, calm and bright,

Are circling round the glowing pole,
He's heard within the awe-struck soul.

But, though his realm is broad and grand,
Embracing worlds of sea and land,
Though vast his reign, the tiniest mote
Thou'st ever seen in sunbeams float
Could not through his dominions fly
Unnoticed by his searching eye.

OSSIAN.

It was not so with noble Finn,
Ten thousand knights might loiter in
And revel in his palace high,
And Finn would never ask them why.
Oh! give me back the battle's roar,
That rent the skies on Ventry's shore,
And all those fearless men of might,
Where Finn, my father, led the fight.
However great thy God may be,
I tell thee, priest, He could not see
On hill or mountain, sea or land,
The equals of our Fenian band.
Oh! give me back their hunter train,
Encamped upon an evening plain,
The blackbird's song, that, sweet and clear,
With warbled music wooed the ear.
And give me back the rapturous cry,
The shouts that made the hills reply,
And thrilled with life the trembling grounds,—
The fierce wild music of the hounds.
They loved the chase; they loved the song,
And knightly conflict, stern and long,
The chessboard and the purple wine,
And rosy smiles of nymphs divine.
And, hadst thou known those knightly men,
Thou'dst never talk of saints again.

I ask not heaven; I will not try,
With fasts and tears, to mount the sky.
But give me back those comrade men,
My falchion and my youth again!

PATRICK.

'Twas God who gave thy comrades might;
'Twas God who framed those fields of light.
He shed those sunbeams through the air,
And draped the trees with blossoms fair.

Despite their valor, power, and bloom,
He swept thy comrades to the tomb.
Like mists that dim the mountain's brow,
Thy Fenian friends are vanished now;
Their deeds are done, their triumphs past,
Like withered leaves that strew the blast,
While He survives; the moon and sun
Are trophies of what *He* has done.
And all the stars that crowd the sky
Are monuments to God on high.
Oh! Ossian, He is mightier far
Than sword or mace or battle-car.
That linnet, in its leafy bower,
Which warbles through this sultry hour,
For Him it tunes its guileless song
In falls harmonious, wild, and long.
Shall it be told that you withstood
That warbling witness of the wood?
Oh! can you hear its siren tongue,
So like the lyre that Aoife strung,
Which testifies to God on high
With more persuasive voice than I?
Can minstrel hear it, and refuse
The mission of that sylvan muse?
Kneel down and join those hands in prayer,—
A seraph's voice is warbling there.

The wondering bard grew still and pale;
He felt his iron spirit quail;
He stood aghast, in mute surprise,
With trembling lips and streaming eyes;
A minstrel of celestial birth
Was speaking to the bard of earth
In tones so thrilling, sweet, and clear,
That all the world seemed hushed to hear.
'Twas not the priest, 'twas music's tone
Which changed the minstrel's heart alone,
When through his trembling breast was rolled
Persuasion sheathed in sounds of gold.
And Ossian, stern, whose battle-song
Had waked to war th' heroic throng,
The glorious bard profoundly felt
That heaven within his bosom dwelt;
For He who fills unbounded space
Will choose at times the tiniest place,
And, spreading through the empyrean wide,
Will in the human heart abide,
As in some bower, retired and coy,
And fill it full of rapturous joy;
Which music, with her magic lyre
And chords of gold can ne'er inspire.

And lo! the old man knelt and prayed,
And clasped those hands which war had made
Familiar with the trenchant blade.

And now the bard above the sky
Sits on a dazzling throne on high,
And tunes in the celestial choir
To holier themes, his battle lyre.

[1] One of the noblest traditions in the world is that of Ossian, "son of daring Cumhal." He was beguiled into the magic land of eternal youth by the enchanting beauty of the fascinating queen of *Tir-na-n-og*, in whose rosy bowers, intoxicated by her immortal loveliness, he spent, in the delights and dalliances of love, nearly two hundred years. He finally got tired of this land of enchantments, because, when gazing from

"Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy-land forlorn,"

he could not see Erin. His love of Ireland surpassed his affection for his mistress, and he broke away from the enchantress. When he reached his native country he found St. Patrick zealously engaged in preaching to "the Scots believing in Christ;" and the bard accompanied the Apostle in his devious excursions through the grassy hills and romantic vales of "matchless Erin." In these two men—the Irish minstrel and the Catholic missioner—we have an epitome of the history of Ireland. They are the incarnation of two ideas which appear embodied in these representative individuals. Ossian is the type of the warlike Celts, who, ever marching from West to East, are found battling, retreating, fighting, or conquering, in those great marauding expeditions which for so many ages harried the entire surface of Europe. Ossian the bard represents these warlike Celts, whose metropolis was Eire, but whose expeditions were world-wide. Alexander meets them on the Danube, Cæsar encounters them on the Rhone, and St. Paul addresses them in Galatia. Speaking of one of these Celts an Irish manuscript says: "*Agus aibhlichthear ar Daire Sirchreactach cor gabhastair neart iarthair Eorpa, agus a deiread eolaich, cor gabh an domhan uile.*" "And it is boasted concerning Daire, that he obtained sway over all the west of Europe, and some of the learned say that he won the whole world." St. Patrick represents the Christian era of Irish history. He is a type of scholars and missioners, the martyrs and philosophers, and great schoolmen who obtained for *Eire* the honorable epithet of *insula sanctorum et doctorum*. He represents the pious fervor as Ossian represents the martial ardor of ancient Erin, a nation which was alternately sacerdotal and military, "now priest, now soldier."

[2] Fionn McCumhall resided at Allen, in the County Kildare. In Macpherson's *Ossian* this chief is described as residing in the "hall of Selma," under the name of Fingal. But we may well pardon this inaccuracy for the sake of the magnificent description Macpherson gives us in *Carric Thura* of Fionn's return to his hall from some military expedition: "Let a thousand lights arise to the sound of the harps of Selma! Let the beam spread in the hall, the king of shells is returned! The war of Crona is past like sounds that are no more! Raise the song, O bards, the king is returned with his fame," etc. This quotation gives us a lofty idea of the majesty of Fionn's residence, which Macpherson terms Selma, but which was really Allen, in the County Kildare.

[3] Livy's description of the Celts in general is perfectly applicable to the Fenians in particular: "Their lofty forms, their long, reddish hair, their vast shields, their long swords, the war songs they intoned when closing with the enemy, their loud shouts and the horrible clangor of their arms when beating their shields in the manner of their country, everything about them was calculated to fill their enemies with confusion and terror."

[4] That angels sometimes assume the appearance of birds is an idea familiar to the readers of Irish hagiography. We read in Adamnan's *Life of Columkille*, that one day a monk, armed with an axe, quitted his monastery and sallied forth to cut wood in the adjacent forest, where he was tempted to suspend his toil by the ravishing sweetness of a strange song-bird that, perched on the tree above his head, charmed his ear by its melody, and secured his attention by its brilliancy of plumage. He lost a whole hour in listening, and then resumed his axe and went on with his work. When his task was accomplished he tied up his fagots, threw them on his back, and plodded homewards to the monastery. He found its appearance strangely altered and its inmates entirely unknown to him. He gazed on them with astonishment, and they perused him with equal surprise. In answer to their questions he told them his story. He had quitted the convent that very morning; had been three hours in the forest, and had cut the fagots with which his shoulders were burdened. It appeared, from the chronicle of the monastery, that a monk of his name had disappeared a hundred years previously and had never been since heard of. This was the monk in question. He had spent a hundred years in listening to the warblings of an angel, and had deemed it only a single hour.

HALF A LIFETIME AGO.

A LOVE STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Half a lifetime ago there lived a single woman, of the name of Susan Dixon, in one of the Westmoreland dales. She was the owner of the small farm-house where she resided, and of some thirty or forty acres of land by which it was surrounded. She had also an hereditary right to a sheep-walk, extending to the wild fells that overhang Blea Tarn. In the language of the country, she was a stateswoman. Her house is yet to be seen on the Oxenfell road, between Skelwith and Coniston. You go along a moorland track, made by the carts that occasionally come for turf from the Oxenfell. A brook babbles and brattles by the wayside, giving you a sense of companionship which relieves the deep solitude in which this way is usually traversed. Some miles on this side of Coniston there is a farmstead—a gray stone house and a square of farm buildings surrounding a green space of rough turf, in the midst of which stands a mighty, funereal, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, as of death, in the very heart and centre of the light and heat of the brightest summer day. On the side away from the house, this yard slopes down to a dark-brown pool, which is supplied with fresh water from the overflowings of a stone cistern, into which some rivulet of the brook beforementioned continually and melodiously falls and bubbles. The cattle drink out of this cistern. The household bring their pitchers and fill them with drinking-water by a dilatory, yet pretty process. The water-carrier brings with her a leaf of the hound's-tongue fern, and, inserting it in a crevice of the gray rock, makes a cool green spout for the sparkling stream.

The house is no specimen, at the present day, of what it was in the lifetime of Susan Dixon. Then, every small diamond pane in the windows glittered with cleanliness. You might have eaten off the floor; you could see yourself in the pewter plates and the polished oaken awmry, or dresser, of the state kitchen into which you entered. Few strangers penetrated further than this room. Once or twice, wandering tourists, attracted by the lonely picturesqueness of the situation, and the exquisite cleanliness of the house itself, made their way into this house-place, and offered money enough (as they thought) to tempt the hostess to receive them as lodgers. They would give no trouble, they said; they would be out rambling or sketching all day long; would be perfectly content with a share of the food which she provided for herself; or would procure what they required from the Waterhead Inn at Coniston. But no liberal sum—no fair words—moved her from her stony manner, or her monotonous tone of indifferent refusal. No persuasion could induce her to show any more of the house than that first room; no appearance of fatigue procured for the weary an invitation to sit down and rest; and if one more bold and less delicate sate down without being asked, Susan stood by, cold and apparently deaf, or only replying by the briefest monosyllables, till the unwelcome visitor had departed. Yet those with whom she had dealing in the way of selling her cattle or her farm produce, spoke of her as keen after a

bargain—a hard one to have to do with; and she never spared herself exertion or fatigue, at market or in the field, to make the most of her produce. She led the haymakers with her swift steady rake, and her noiseless evenness of motion. She was about among the earliest in the market, examining samples of oats, pricing them, and then turning with grim satisfaction to her own cleaner corn.

She was served faithfully and long by those who were rather her fellow-laborers than her servants. She was even and just in her dealings with them. If she was peculiar and silent, they knew her, and knew that she might be relied on. Some of them had known her from childhood; and deep in their hearts was an unspoken—almost unconscious—pity for her; for they knew her story, though they never spoke of it.

Yes; the time had been when that tall, gaunt, hard-featured, angular woman—who never smiled, and hardly ever spoke an unnecessary word—had been a fine-looking girl, bright-spirited and rosy; and when the hearth at the Yew Nook had been as bright as she, with family love and youthful hope and mirth. Fifty or fifty-one years ago, William Dixon and his wife Margaret were alive; and Susan, their daughter, was about eighteen years old—ten years older than the only other child, a boy, named after his father. William and Margaret Dixon were rather superior people, of a character belonging—as far as I have seen—exclusively to the class of Westmoreland and Cumberland statesmen—just, independent, upright; not given to much speaking; kind-hearted, but not demonstrative; disliking change, and new ways, and new people; sensible and shrewd; each household self-contained, and having little curiosity as to their neighbors, with whom they rarely met for any social intercourse, save at the stated times of sheep-shearing and Christmas; having a certain kind of sober pleasure in amassing money, which occasionally made them miserable (as they call miserly people up in the north) in their old age; reading no light or ephemeral literature, but the grave, solid books brought round by the peddlers,—the *Paradise Lost and Regained*, the *Death of Abel*, the *Spiritual Quixote*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, were to be found in nearly every house; the men occasionally going off laking, *i. e.*, playing, *i. e.*, drinking for days together, and having to be hunted up by anxious wives, who dared not leave their husbands to the chances of the wild precipitous roads, but walked miles and miles, lantern in hand, in the dead of night, to discover and guide the solemnly-drunken husband home; who had a dreadful headache the next day, and the day after that came forth as grave, and sober, and virtuous-looking as if there were no such things as malt and spirituous liquors in the world; and who were seldom reminded of their misdoings by their wives, to whom such occasional outbreaks were as things of course, when once the immediate anxiety produced by them was over. Such were—such are—the characteristics of a class now passing away from the face of the land, as their compeers, the yeomen, have done before. Of such was William Dixon. He was a shrewd, clever farmer, in his day and generation, when shrewdness was rather shown in the breeding and rearing of sheep and cattle than in the cultivation of land. Owing to this character of his, statesmen from a distance from beyond Kendal, or from Borrowdale, of greater wealth than he, would send their sons to be farm-servants for a year or two with him, in order to learn some of his methods before setting up on land of their own. When Susan, his daughter, was about seventeeen, one Michael Hurst was farm servant at Yew Nook. He worked with the master and lived

with the family, and was in all respects treated as an equal, except in the field. His father was a wealthy statesman at Wythburne, up beyond Grassmere; and through Michael's servitude the families had become acquainted, and the Dixons went over to the High Beck sheep-shearing, and the Hursts came down by Red Bank and Loughrig Tarn and across the Oxenfell when there was the Christmas-tide feasting at Yew Nook. The fathers strolled round the fields together, examined cattle and sheep, and looked knowing over each other's horses. The mothers inspected the dairies and household arrangements, each openly admiring the plans of the other, but secretly preferring their own. Both fathers and mothers cast a glance from time to time at Michael and Susan, who were thinking of nothing less than farm or dairy, but whose unspoken attachment was in all ways so suitable and natural a thing that each parent rejoiced over it, although with characteristic reserve it was never spoken about—not even between husband and wife.

Susan had been a strong, independent, healthy girl; a clever help to her mother and a spirited companion to her father; more of a man in her (as he often said) than her delicate little brother ever would have. He was his mother's darling, although she loved Susan well. There was no positive engagement between Michael and Susan—I doubt if even plain words of love had been spoken; when one winter-time Margaret Dixon was seized with inflammation consequent upon a neglected cold. She had always been strong and notable, and had been too busy to attend to the earliest symptoms of illness. It would go off, she said to the woman who helped in the kitchen; or if she did not feel better when they had got the hams and bacon out of hand, she would take some herb tea and nurse up a bit. But Death could not wait till the hams and bacon were cured; he came on with rapid strides, and shooting arrows of portentous agony. Susan had never seen illness—never knew how much she loved her mother till now, when she felt a dreadful instinctive certainty that she was losing her. Her mind was thronged with recollections of the many times she had slighted her mother's wishes; her heart was full of the echoes of careless and angry replies that she had spoken. What would she not now give to have opportunities of service and obedience, and trials of her patience and love for that dear mother who lay gasping in torture! And yet Susan had been a good girl and an affectionate daughter.

The sharp pain went off, and delicious ease came on; yet still her mother sunk. In the midst of this languid peace she was dying. She motioned Susan to her bedside, for she could only whisper; and then while the father was out of the room, she spoke as much to the eager, hungering eyes of her daughter by the motion of her lips, as by the slow feeble sounds of her voice.

"Susan, lass, thou must not fret. It is God's will, and thou wilt have a deal to do. Keep father straight if thou canst; and if he goes out Ulverstone ways, see that thou meet him before he gets to the Old Quarry. It's a dree bit for a man who has had a drop. As for lile Will"—here the poor woman's face began to work and her fingers to move nervously as they lay on the bedquilt—"lile Will will miss me most of all. Father's often vexed with him because he's not a quick, strong lad; he is not, my poor little chap. And father thinks he's saucy, because he cannot always stomach oat-cake and porridge. There's better than three pound in th' old black teapot on the top shelf of the cupboard. Just keep a piece of loaf-bread by you, Susan, dear, for Will to come to when he's not taken his breakfast. I have, may be, spoilt

him; but there'll be no one to spoil him now."

She began to cry a low feeble cry, and covered up her face that Susan might not see her. That dear face! those precious moments while yet the eyes could look out with love and intelligence. Susan laid her head down close by her mother's ear.

"Mother, I'll take tent of Will. Mother, do you hear! He shall not want aught I can give or get for him, least of all the kind words which you had ever ready for us both. Bless you! bless you! my own mother."

"Thou'lt promise me that, Susan, wilt thou? I can die easy if thou'lt take charge of him. But he's hardly like other folk; he tries father at times, though I think father'll be tender of him when I'm gone, for my sake. And, Susan, there's one thing more. I never spoke on it for fear of the bairn being called a tell-tale, but I just comforted him up. He vexes Michael at times, and Michael has struck him before now. I did not want to make a stir; but he's not strong, and a word from thee, Susan, will go a long way with Michael."

Susan was as red now as she had been pale before: it was the first time that her influence over Michael had been openly acknowledged by a third person, and a flash of joy came athwart the solemn sadness of the moment. Her mother had spoken too much, and now came on the miserable faintness. She never spoke again coherently; but when her children and her husband stood by her bedside, she took lile Will's hand and put it into Susan's, and looked at her with imploring eyes. Susan clasped her arms round Will, and leaned her head upon his curly pate, and vowed to herself to be as a mother to him.

Henceforward she was all in all to her brother. She was a more spirited and amusing companion to him than his mother had been, from her greater activity, and perhaps also from her originality of character, which often prompted her to perform her habitual actions in some new and racy manner. She was tender to lile Will when she was prompt and sharp with everybody else—with Michael most of all; for somehow the girl felt that, unprotected by her mother, she must keep up her own dignity, and not allow her lover to see how strong a hold he had upon her heart. He called her hard and cruel, and left her so; and she smiled softly to herself when his back was turned to think how little he guessed how deeply he was loved. For Susan was merely comely and fine-looking; Michael was strikingly handsome, admired by all the girls for miles around, and quite enough of a country coxcomb to know it and plume himself accordingly. He was the second son of his father; the eldest would have High Beck farm, of course, but there was a good penny in the Kendal bank in store for Michael. When harvest was over, he went to Chapel Langdale to learn to dance; and at night, in his merry moods, he would do his steps on the flag-floor of the Yew Nook kitchen, to the secret admiration of Susan, who had never learned dancing, but who flouted him perpetually, even while she admired, in accordance with the rule she seemed to have made for herself about keeping him at a distance so long as he lived under the same roof with her. One evening he sulked at some saucy remark of hers; he sitting in the chimney-corner with his arms on his knees and his head bent forwards, lazily gazing into the wood fire on the hearth, and luxuriating in rest after a hard day's labor; she sitting among the geraniums on the long, low window-seat, trying to catch the last slanting rays of the autumnal light to enable her to finish stitching a shirt-collar for Will, who lounged full length on the flags at the other

side of the hearth to Michael, poking the burning wood, from time to time, with a long hazel-stick to bring out the leap of glittering sparks.

"And if you can dance a three-some reel, what good does it do ye?" asked Susan, looking askance at Michael, who had just been vaunting his proficiency. "Does it help you plough, or reap, or even climb the rocks to take a raven's nest? If I were a man I'd be ashamed to give in to such softness."

"If you were a man you'd be glad to do anything which made the pretty girls stand round and admire."

"As they do to you, eh! ho! Michael! that would not be my way o' being a man."

"What would then?" asked he, after a pause, during which he had expected in vain that she would go on with her sentence. No answer.

"I should not like you as a man, Susy; you'd be too hard and headstrong."

"Am I hard and headstrong?" asked she with as indifferent a tone as she could assume, but which yet had a touch of pique in it. His quick ear detected the inflexion.

"No, Susy! You're wilful at times, and that's right enough. I don't like a girl without spirit. There's a mighty pretty girl comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk and water. Her eyes never flash like yours when you're put out; why, I can see them flame across the kitchen like a cat's eyes in the dark. Now, if you were a man, I should feel queer before those looks of yours; as it is, I rather like them, because—"

"Because what?" asked she, looking up and perceiving that he had stolen close up to her.

"Because I can make all right in this way," said he, kissing her suddenly.

"Can you?" said she, wrenching herself out of his grasp and panting, half with rage. "Take that by way of proof that making right is none so easy." And she boxed his ears pretty sharply. He went back to his seat discomfited and out of temper. She could no longer see to look, even if her face had not burnt and her eyes dazzled, but she did not choose to move her seat, so she still preserved her stooping attitude, and pretended to go on sewing.

"Eleanor Hebthwaite may be milk-and-water," muttered he, "but —confound thee, lad! what art doing?" exclaimed Michael, as a great piece of burning wood was cast into his face by an unlucky poke of Will's. "Thou great lounging, clumsy chap, I'll teach thee better!" and with one or two good round kicks he sent the lad whimpering away into the back kitchen. When he had a little recovered himself from his passion, he saw Susan standing before him, her face looking strange and almost ghastly by the reversed position of the shadows arising from the firelight shining upwards right under it.

"I tell thee what, Michael," said she, "that lad's motherless, but not friendless."

"His own father leathers him, and why should not I, when he's given me such a burn on my face?" said Michael, putting up his hand to his cheek as if in pain.

"His father's his father, and there is nought more to be said. But if he did burn thee, it was by accident, and not o' purpose, as thou kicked him; it's a mercy if his ribs are not broken."

"He howls loud enough, I'm sure. I might a kicked many a lad twice as hard, and they'd ne'er ha' said aught; but yon lad must needs cry out like a stuck pig if one touches him," replied Michael, sullenly.

Susan went back to the window-seat, and looked absently out of the window at the drifting clouds for a minute or two, while her eyes filled with tears. Then she got up and made for the outer door which led

into the back-kitchen. Before she reached it, however, she heard a low voice, whose music made her thrill, say—

"Susan, Susan!"

Her heart melted within her, but it seemed like treachery to her poor boy, like faithlessness to her dead mother to turn to her lover while the tears which he had caused to flow were yet unwiped on Will's cheeks. So she seemed to take no heed, but passed into the darkness, and, guided by the sobs, she found her way to where Willie sat crouched among disused tubs and churns.

"Come out wi' me, lad;" and they went into the orchard, where the fruit-trees were bare of leaves, but ghastly in their tattered covering of gray moss; and the soughing November wind came with long sweeps over the fells till it rattled among the crackling boughs, underneath which the brother and sister sat in the dark: he in her lap, and she hushing his head against her shoulder.

"Thou shouldst na' play wi' fire. It's a naughty trick. Thou'lt suffer for it in worse ways nor this before thou'st done, I'm afeared. I should ha' hit thee twice as lungeous kicks as Mike, if I'd been in his place. He did na' hurt thee, I am sure," she assumed, half as a question.

"Yes! but he did. He turned me quite sick." And he let his head fall languidly down on his sister's breast.

"Come, lad! come, lad!" said she, anxiously, "be a man. It was not much that I saw. Why, when first the red cow came she kicked me far harder for offering to milk her before her legs were tied. See thee! here's a peppermint drop, and I'll make thee a pasty to-night; only don't give way so, for it hurts me sore to think that Michael has done thee any harm, my pretty."

Willie roused himself up, and put back the wet and ruffled hair from his heated face; and he and Susan rose up and hand-in-hand went towards the house, walking slowly and quietly except for a kind of sob which Willie could not repress. Susan took him to the pump and washed his tear-stained face, till she thought she had obliterated all traces of the recent disturbance, arranging his curls for him, and then she kissed him tenderly, and led him in, hoping to find Michael in the kitchen, and make all straight between them. But the blaze had dropped down into darkness; the wood was a heap of gray ashes in which the sparks ran hither and thither; but even in the groping darkness Susan knew by the sinking at her heart that Michael was not there. She threw another brand on the hearth and lighted the candle, and sate down to her work in silence. Willie cowered on his stool by the side of the fire, eyeing his sister from time to time, and sorry and oppressed, he knew not why, by the sight of her grave, almost stern face. No one came. They two were in the house alone. The old woman who helped Susan with the household work had gone out for the night to some friend's dwelling. William Dixon, the father, was up on the fells seeing after his sheep. Susan had no heart to prepare the evening meal.

"Susy, darling, are you angry with me?" said Willie, in his little piping gentle voice. He had stolen up to his sister's side. "I won't never play with fire again; and I'll not cry if Michael does kick me. Only don't look so like dead mother—don't, don't—please don't!" he exclaimed, hiding his face on her shoulder.

"I'm not angry, Willie," said she. "Don't be feared on me. You want your supper, and you shall have it; and don't you be feared on Michael. He shall give reason for every hair of your head that he touches—he shall."

When William Dixon came home, he found Susan and Willie sitting together, hand-in-hand, and appar-

ently pretty cheerful. He bade them go to bed, for that he would sit up for Michael; and the next morning, when Susan came down, she found that Michael had started an hour before with the cart for lime. It was a long day's work; Susan knew it would be late, perhaps later than on the preceding night, before he returned—at any rate, past her usual bedtime; and on no account would she stop up a moment beyond that hour in the kitchen, whatever she might do in her bedroom. Here she sate and watched till past midnight; and when she saw him coming up the brow with the carts, she knew full well, even in that faint moonlight, that his gait was the gait of a man in liquor. But though she was annoyed and mortified to find in what way he had chosen to forget her, the fact did not disgust or shock her as it would have done many a girl, even at that day, who had not been brought up as Susan had, among a class who considered it as no crime, but rather a mark of spirit in a man to get drunk occasionally. Nevertheless, she chose to hold herself very high all the next day when Michael was, perforce, obliged to give up any attempt to do heavy work, and hung about the outbuildings and farm in a very disconsolate and sickly state. Willie had far more pity on him than Susan. Before evening Willie and he were fast, and on his side, ostentatious friends. Willie rode the horses down to water; Willie helped him to chop wood. Susan sate gloomily at her work, hearing an indistinct but cheerful conversation going on in the shippon, while the cows were being milked. She almost felt irritated with her little brother, as if he were a traitor, and had gone over to the enemy in the very battle that she was fighting in his cause. She was alone, with no one to speak to, while they prattled on, regardless if she were glad or sorry.

Soon Willie burst in. "Susan! Susan! come with me; I've something so pretty to show you. Round the corner of the barn—run! run!" He was dragging her along, half reluctant, half desirous of some change in that weary day, round the corner of the barn; and caught hold of by Michael, who stood there awaiting her.

"O Willie!" cried she, "you naughty boy. There is nothing pretty—what have you brought me here for? Let me go; I won't be held."

"Only one word. Nay, if you wish it so much, you may go," said Michael, suddenly loosing his hold as she struggled. But now she was free, she only drew off a step or two, murmuring something about Willie.

"You are going, then?" said Michael, with seeming sadness. "You won't hear me say a word of what is in my heart?"

"How can I tell whether it is what I should like to hear?" replied she, still drawing back.

"That is just what I want you to tell me; I want you to hear it, and then to tell me if you like it or not."

"Well, you may speak," replied she, turning her back, and beginning to plait the hem of her apron.

He came close to her ear.

"I am sorry I hurt Willie the other night. He has forgiven me. Can you?"

"You hurt him very badly," she replied. "But you are right to be sorry. I forgive you."

"Stop, stop!" said he, laying his hand upon her arm. "There is something more I've got to say. I want you to be my—— What is it they call it, Susan?"

"I don't know," said she, half-laughing, but trying to get away with all her might now; and she was a strong girl, but she could not manage it.

"You do. My——what is it I want you to be?"

"I tell you I don't know, and you

had best be quiet, and just let me go in, or I shall think you are as bad now as you were last night."

"And how did you know what I was last night? It was past twelve when I came home. Were you watching? Ah, Susan! be my wife, and you shall never have to watch for a drunken husband. If I were your husband, I would come straight home, and count every minute an hour till I saw your bonny face. Now you know what I want you to be. I ask you to be my wife. Will you, my own dear Susan?"

She did not speak for some time. Then she only said, "Ask father." And now she was really off like a lapwing round the corner of the barn, and up in her own little room, crying with all her might, before the triumphant smile had left Michael's face where he stood.

The "Ask father" was a mere form to be gone through. Old Daniel Hurst and William Dixon had talked over what they could respectively give their children long before this; and that was the parental way of arranging such matters. When the probable amount of worldly gear that he could give his child had been named by each father, the young folk, as they said, might take their own time in coming to the point which the old men, with the prescience of experience, saw that they were drifting to; no need to hurry them, for they were both young, and Michael, though active enough, was too thoughtless, old Daniel said, to be trusted with the entire management of a farm. Meanwhile, his father would look about him, and see after all the farms that were to be let.

Michael had a shrewd notion of this preliminary understanding between the fathers, and so felt less daunted than he might otherwise have done at making the application for Susan's hand. It was all right; there was not an obstacle, only a deal of good advice, which the lover thought might have as well been spared, and which it must be confessed he did not much attend to, although he assented to every proposition. Then Susan was called downstairs, and slowly came dropping into view down the steps which led from the two family apartments into the house-place. She tried to look composed and quiet, but it could not be done. She stood side by side with her lover, with her head drooping, her cheeks burning, not daring to look up or move, while her father made the newly-betrothed a somewhat formal address, in which he gave his consent, and many a piece of worldly wisdom beside. Susan listened as well as she could for the beating of her heart; but when her father solemnly and sadly referred to his own lost wife, she could keep from sobbing no longer; but throwing her apron over her face, she sate down on the bench by the dresser and fairly gave way to pent-up tears. Oh, how strangely sweet to be comforted as she was comforted, by tender caresses, and many a low whispered promise of love. Her father sate by the fire, thinking of the days that were gone; Willie was still out of doors; but Susan and Michael felt no one's presence or absence—they only knew they were together as betrothed husband and wife.

In a week or two they were formally told of the arrangements to be made in their favor. A small farm in the neighborhood happened to fall vacant, and Michael's father offered to take it for him, and be responsible for the rent for the first year, while William Dixon was to contribute a certain amount of stock, and both fathers were to help towards the furnishing of the house. Susan received all this information in a quiet indifferent way; she did not care much for any of these preparations, which were to hurry her through the happy hours; she cared least of all for the money amount of dowry and substance. It jarred on

her to be made the confidante of occasional slight repinings of Michael's as one by one his future father-in-law set aside a beast or a pig for Susan's portion, which were not always the best animals of their kind upon the farm. But he also complained of his own father's stinginess, which somewhat, though not much, alleviated Susan's dislike to being awakened out of her pure dream of love to the consideration of worldly wealth.

But in the midst of all this bustle, Willie moped and pined. He had the same chord of delicacy running through his mind that made his body feeble and weak. He kept out of the way, and was apparently occupied in whittling and carving uncouth heads on hazel sticks in an outhouse. But he positively avoided Michael, and shrunk away even from Susan. She was too much occupied to notice this at first. Michael pointed it out to her, saying, with a laugh,—

"Look at Willie! he might be a cast-off lover and jealous of me, he looks so dark and downcast at me." Michael spoke this jest out loud, and Willie burst into tears, and ran out of the house.

"Let me go. Let me go!" said Susan (for her lover's arm was around her waist). "I must go to him if he's fretting. I promised mother I would!" She pulled herself away, and went in search of the boy. She sought in byre and barn, through the orchard, where indeed in this leafless winter-time there was no great concealment, up into the room where the wool was usually stored in the later summer, and, at last she found him, sitting at bay, like some hunted creature, up behind the wood-stack.

"What are ye gone for, lad, and me seeking you everywhere?" asked she, breathless.

"I did not know you would seek me. I've been away many a time, and no one has cared to seek me," said he, crying afresh.

"Nonsense!" replied Susan; "don't be so foolish, ye little good-for-nought." But she crept up to him in the hole he had made underneath the great brown sheafs of wood, and squeezed herself down by him. "What for should folk seek after you, when you get away from them whenever you can?" asked she.

"They don't want me to stay. Nobody wants me. If I go with father, he says I hinder more than I help. You used to like to have me with you. But now you've taken up with Michael, and you'd rather I was away; and I can just bide away; but I cannot stand Michael jeering at me. He's got you to love him, and that might serve him."

"But I love you, too, dearly, lad!" said she, putting her arm round his neck.

"Which on us do you like best?" said he, wistfully, after a little pause, putting her arm away, so that he might look in her face, and see if she spoke truth.

She went very red.

"You should not ask such questions. They are not fit for you to ask, nor for me to answer."

"But mother bade you love me," said he, plaintively.

"And so I do. And so I ever will do. Lover nor husband shall come betwixt thee and me, lad, ne'er a one of them. That I promised thee, as I promised mother before, in the sight of God and with her hearkening now, if ever she can hearken to earthly word again. Only I cannot abide to have thee fretting, just because my heart is large enough for two."

"And thou'lt love me always."

"Always, and ever. And the more—the more thou'lt love Michael," said she, dropping her voice.

"I'll try," said the boy, sighing, for he remembered many a harsh word and blow of which his sister knew nothing. She would have risen up to go away, but he held her tight, for here and now she was all his own,

and he did not know when such a time might come again. So the two sate, crouched up and silent, till they heard the horn blowing at the field-gate, which was the summons home to any wanderers belonging to the farm, and at this hour of the evening, signified that supper was ready. Then the two went in.

CHAPTER II.

Susan and Michael were to be married in April. He had already gone to take possession of his new farm, three or four miles away from Yew Nook, but that is neighboring, according to the acceptation of the word, in that thinly populated district, when William Dixon fell ill. He came home one evening, complaining of headache and pains in his limbs, but seemed to loathe the posset which Susan prepared for him; the treacle-posset which was the homely country remedy against an incipient cold. He took it to his bed, with a sensation of exceeding weariness, and an odd, unusual looking back to the days of his youth, when he was a lad living with his parents in this very house.

The next morning he had forgotten all his life since then, and did not know his own children, crying, like a newly-weaned baby, for his mother to come and soothe away his terrible pain. The doctor from Coniston said it was the typhus fever, and warned Susan of its infectious character, and shook his head over his patient. There were no friends near to come and share her anxiety, only good, kind old Peggy, who was faithfulness itself, and one or two laborers' wives, who would fain have helped her, had not their hands been tied by their responsibility to their own families. But somehow, Susan neither feared nor flagged. As for fear, indeed, she had no time to give way to it, for every energy of both body and mind was required. Besides, the young have had too little experience of the danger of infection to dread it much. She did, indeed, wish from time to time that Michael had been at home to have taken Willie over to his father's at High Beck; but then, again, the lad was docile and useful to her, and his recklessness in many things might make him be harshly treated by strangers, so perhaps it was as well that Michael was away at Appleby fair, or even beyond that, gone into Yorkshire after horses.

Her father grew worse; and the doctor insisted on sending over a nurse from Coniston. Not a professed nurse; Coniston could not have supported such a one; but a widow who was ready to go where the doctor sent her for the sake of the payment. When she came, Susan suddenly gave way; she was felled by the fever herself, and lay unconscious for long weeks. Her consciousness returned to her one spring afternoon, early spring—April, her wedding month. There was a little fire burning in the small corner-grate, and the flickering of the blaze was enough for her to notice in her weak state. She felt that there was some one sitting on the window side of her bed, behind the curtain, but she did not care to know who it was; it was even too great a trouble to her languid mind to consider who it was likely to be. She would rather shut her eyes, and melt off again into the gentle luxury of sleep. The next time she wakened, the Coniston nurse perceived her movement, and made her a cup of tea, which she drank with eager relish; but still they did not speak, and once more Susan lay motionless—not asleep, but strangely, pleasantly conscious of all the small chamber and household sounds; the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the fitful singing of the half-empty kettle, the cattle tramping out to field again after they had been milked, the aged step on the creaking stair—old Peggy's, as she knew. It came to her door, it stopped, the person outside

listened for a moment, and then lifted the wooden latch, and looked in. The watcher by the bedside arose, and went to her. Susan would have been glad to see Peggy's face once more, but was far too weak to turn, so she lay and listened.

"How is she?" whispered one trembling aged voice.

"Better," replied the other. "She's been awake, and had a cup of tea. She'll do, now."

"Has she asked after him?"

"Hush! No; she has not spoken a word."

"Poor lass! poor lass!"

The door was shut. A weak feeling of sorrow and self-pity came over Susan. What was wrong? Whom had she loved? And dawning, dawning, slowly, rose the sun of her former life, and all particulars were made distinct to her. She felt that some sorrow was coming to her, and cried over it before she knew what it was, or had strength enough to ask. In the dead of night—and she had never slept again—she softly called to the watcher, and asked:

"Who?"

"Who, what?" replied the woman, with a conscious affright, ill-veiled by a poor assumption of ease. "Lie still, there's a darling, and go to sleep. Sleep's better for you than all the doctor's stuff."

"Who?" repeated Susan. "Something is wrong. Who?"

"Oh, dear!" said the woman. "There's nothing wrong. Willie has taken the turn, and is doing nicely."

"Father?"

"Well, he's all right now!" she answered, looking another way, as if seeking for something.

"Then it's Michael! Oh, me! oh, me!" She set up a succession of weak, plaintive, hysterical cries before the nurse could pacify her, by declaring that Michael had been at the house not three hours before, to ask after her, and looked as well and as hearty as ever man did.

"And you heard of no harm to him since?" inquired Susan.

"Bless the lass—no, for sure! I've ne'er heard his name named since I saw him go out of the yard as stout a man as ever trod shoe-leather."

It was well, as the nurse said afterwards to Peggy, that Susan had been so easily pacified by the equivocating answer in respect to her father. If she had pressed the questions home in this case, as she did in Michael's, she would have learned that he was dead and buried more than a month before. It was well, too, that in her weak state of convalescence (which lasted long after this first day of consciousness) her perceptions were not sharp enough to observe the sad change that had taken place in Willie. His bodily strength returned, his appetite was something enormous, but his eyes wandered continually, his regard could not be arrested, his speech became slow, impeded, and incoherent. People began to say, that the fever had taken away the little wit Willie Dixon had ever possessed, and that they feared that he would end in being a natural, as they call an idiot in the Dales.

The habitual affection and obedience to Susan lasted longer than any other feeling that the boy had had previous to his illness; and, perhaps, this made her be the last to perceive what every one else had long anticipated. She felt the awakening rude when it did come. It was in this wise:

One June evening she sat out of doors, under the yew-tree, knitting. She was pale still from her recent illness; and her languor joined to the fact of her black dress, made her look more than usually interesting. She was no longer the buoyant, self-sufficient Susan, equal to every occasion. The men were bringing in the cows to be milked, and Michael was about in the yard, giving orders and directions with somewhat the air of a master; for the farm belonged

of right to Willie, and Susan had succeeded to the guardianship of her brother. Michael and she were to be married as soon as she was strong enough—so, perhaps, his authoritative manner was justified; but the laborers did not like it, although they said little. They remembered him a stripling on the farm, knowing far less than they did, and often glad to shelter his ignorance of all agricultural matters behind their superior knowledge. They would have taken orders from Susan with far more willingness; nay! Willie himself might have commanded them, and for the old hereditary feeling towards the owners of land they would have obeyed him with far greater cordiality than they now showed to Michael. But Susan was tired with even three rounds of knitting, and seemed not to notice, or to care, how things went on around her; and Willie—poor Willie!—there he stood lounging against the door-sill, enormously grown and developed, to be sure, but with restless eyes and ever open mouth, and every now and then setting up a strange kind of howling cry, and then smiling vacantly to himself at the sound he had made. As the two old laborers passed him, they looked at each other ominously, and shook their heads.

"Willie, darling," said Susan, "don't make that noise—it makes my head ache."

She spoke feebly, and Willie did not seem to hear; at any rate, he continued his howl from time to time.

"Hold thy noise, wilt 'a?" said Michael roughly, as he passed near him, and threatening him with his fist. Susan's back was turned to the pair. The expression of Willie's face changed from vacancy to fear, and he came shambling up to Susan, and put her arm around him, and, as if protected by that shelter, he began pulling faces at Michael. Susan saw what was going on, and, as if now first struck by the strangeness of her brother's manner, she looked anxiously at Michael for an explanation. Michael was irritated at Willie's defiance of him, and did not mince the matter.

"It's just that the fever has left him silly—he never was as wise as other folk, and now I doubt if he will ever get right."

Susan did not speak, but she went very pale, and her lip quivered. She looked long and wistfully at Willie's face, as he watched the motion of the ducks in the great stable-pool. He laughed softly to himself from time to time.

"Willie likes to see the ducks go overhead," said Susan, instinctively adopting the form of speech she would have used to a young child.

"Willie, boo! Willie, boo!" he replied, clapping his hands, and avoiding her eye.

"Speak properly, Willie," said Susan, making a strong effort at self-control, and trying to arrest his attention.

"You know who I am—tell me my name!" She grasped his arm almost painfully tight to make him attend. Now he looked at her, and for an instant, a gleam of recognition quivered over his face; but the exertion was evidently painful, and he began to cry at the vainness of the effort to recall her name. He hid his face upon her shoulder with the old affectionate trick of manner. She put him gently away, and went into the house into her own little bedroom. She locked the door, and did not reply at all to Michael's calls for her, hardly spoke to old Peggy, who tried to tempt her out to receive some homely sympathy, and through the open casement there still came the idiotic sound of "Willie, boo! Willie, boo!"

CHAPTER III.

After the stun of the blow came the realization of the consequences. Susan would sit for hours trying pa-

tiently to recall and piece together fragments of recollection and consciousness in her brother's mind. She would let him go and pursue some senseless bit of play, and wait until she could catch his eye or his attention again, when she would resume her self-imposed task. Michael complained that she never had a word for him, or a minute of time to spend with him now; but she only said she must try, while there was yet a chance, to bring back her brother's lost wits. As for marriage in this state of uncertainty, she had no heart to think of it. Then Michael stormed, and absented himself for two or three days; but it was of no use. When he came back he saw that she had been crying until her eyes were all swollen up, and he gathered from Peggy's scoldings (which she did not spare him) that Susan had eaten nothing since he went away. But she was as inflexible as ever.

"Not just yet, only not just yet, and don't say again that I do not love you," said she, suddenly hiding herself in his arms.

And so matters went on through August. The crop of oats was gathered in; the wheat-field was not ready as yet, when one fine day Michael drove up in a borrowed shandry, and offered to take Willie a ride. His manner, when Susan asked him where he was going to, was rather confused; but the answer was straight and clear enough.

"He had business in Ambleside. He would never lose sight of the lad, and have him back safe and sound before dark." So Susan let him go.

Before night they were at home again; Willie in high delight at a little rattling paper windmill that Michael had bought for him in the street, and striving to imitate this new sound with perpetual buzzings. Michael, too, looked pleased. Susan knew the look, although afterwards she remembered that he had tried to veil it from her, and had assumed a grave appearance of sorrow whenever he caught her eye. He put up his horse; for, although he had three miles further to go, the moon was up—the bonny harvest-moon—and he did not care how late he had to drive on such a road by such a light. After the supper which Susan had prepared for the travellers was over, Peggy went up stairs to see Willie safe in bed; for he had to have the same care taken of him that a little child of four years old requires.

Michael drew near to Susan.

"Susan," said he, "I took Will to see Dr. Preston, at Kendal. He's the first doctor in the county. I thought it were better for us—for you—to know at once what chance there were for him."

"Well?" said Susan, looking eagerly up. She saw the same strange glance of satisfaction, the same instant change to apparent regret and pain. "What did he say?" said she. "Speak! can't you?"

"He said he would never get better of his weakness."

"Never!"

"No; never. It is a long word and hard to bear. And there's worse to come, dearest. The doctor thinks he will get worse from year to year. And he said, if he was us—you—he would send him off in time to Lancaster Asylum. They've ways there both of keeping such people in order and making them happy. I only tell you what he said," continued he, seeing the gathering storm in her face.

"There was no harm in him saying it," she replied, with great self-constraint, forcing herself to speak coldly instead of angrily. "Folk is welcome to their opinions."

They sate silent for a minute or two, her breast heaving with suppressed feeling.

"He's counted a very clever man," said Michael, at length.

"He may be. He's none of my clever men, nor am I going to be guided by him, whatever he may

think. And I don't thank them that went and took my poor lad to have such harsh notions formed about him. If I'd been there I could have called out the sense that is in him."

"Well, I'll not say more to-night, Susan. You're not taking it rightly, and I'd best be gone, and leave you to think it over. I'll not deny they are hard words to hear, but there's sense in them, as I take it; and I reckon you'll have to come to 'em. Anyhow, it's a bad way of thanking me for my pains, and I don't take it well in you, Susan," said he, getting up, as if offended.

"Michael, I'm beside myself with sorrow. Don't blame me if I speak sharp. He and me are the only ones, you see. And mother did so charge me to have a care of him! And this is what he's come to, poor lile chap!" She began to cry, and Michael to comfort her with caresses.

"Don't," said she. "It's no use trying to make me forget poor Willie is a natural. I could hate myself for being happy with you, even for just a little minute. Go away, and leave me to face it out."

"And you'll think it over, Susan, and remember what the doctor says?"

"I can't forget it," said she. She meant she could not forget what the doctor had said about the hopelessness of her brother's case; he had referred to the plan of sending Willie away to an asylum, or madhouse, as they were called in that day and place. The idea had been gathering force in Michael's mind for long; he had talked it over with his father, and secretly rejoiced over the possession of the farm and land which would then be his in fact, if not in law, by right of his wife. He had always considered the good penny her father could give her in his catalogue of Susan's charms and attractions. But of late he had grown to esteem her as the heiress of Yew Nook. He too should have land like his brother—land to possess, to cultivate, to make profit from, to bequeath. For some time he had wondered that Susan had been too much absorbed in Willie's present, that she never seemed to look forward to his future state. Michael had long felt the boy to be a trouble; but of late he had absolutely loathed him. His gibbering, his uncouth gestures, his loose shambling gait, all irritated Michael inexpressibly. He did not come near the Yew Nook for a couple of days. He thought that he would leave her time to become anxious to see him and reconciled to his plan. They were strange, lonely days to Susan. They were the first she had spent face to face with the sorrows that had turned her from a girl into a woman, for hitherto Michael had never let twenty-four hours pass by without coming to see her since she had had the fever. Now that he was absent it seemed as though some cause of irritation was removed from Will, who was much more gentle and tractable than he had been for many weeks. Susan thought that she observed him making efforts at her bidding, and there was something piteous in the way in which he crept up to her, and looked wistfully in her face, as if asking her to restore him the faculties that he felt to be wanting.

"I never will let thee go, lad. Never! There's no knowing where they would take thee to, or what they would do with thee. Nought but death shall part thee and me!"

The countryside was full, in those days, of stories of the brutal treatment offered to the insane; stories that were in fact only too well founded, and the truth of one of which only would have been a sufficient reason for the strong prejudice existing against all such places. Each succeeding hour that Susan passed, alone, or with the poor, affectionate lad for her sole companion, served to deepen her solemn resolution never to part with him. So, when Michael came, he was annoyed and

surprised by the calm way in which she spoke, as if following Dr. Preston's advice was utterly and entirely out of the question. He had expected nothing less than a consent, reluctant it might be, but still a consent; and he was extremely irritated. He could have repressed his anger, but he chose rather to give way to it, thinking that he could so best work upon Susan's affection, to gain his point. But, somehow, he overreached himself; and now he was astonished in his turn at the passion of indignation that she burst into.

"Thou wilt not bide in the same house with him, say'st thou? There's no need for thy biding, as far as I can tell. There's solemn reason why I should bide with my own flesh and blood, and keep to the word I pledged my mother on her deathbed; but, as for thee, there's no tie that I know on to keep thee fra going to America or Botany Bay this very night, if that were thy inclination. I will have no more of your threats to make me send my bairn away. If thou marry me, thou'lt help me to take charge of Willie. If thou doesn't choose to marry me on those terms—why! I can snap my fingers at thee, never fear. I'm not so far gone in love as that. But I will not have thee if thou say'st in such a hectoring way that Willie must go out of the house—and the house his own too—before thou'lt set foot in it. Willie bides here and I bide with him."

"Thou hast maybe spoken a word too much," said Michael, pale with rage. "If I am free, as thou say'st, to go to Canada or Botany Bay, I reckon I'm free to live where I like, and that will not be with a natural, who may turn into a madman some day, for aught I know. Choose between him and me, Susy, for I swear to you, you shan't have both."

"I have chosen," said Susan, now perfectly composed and still. "Whatever comes of it, I bide with Willie."

"Very well," replied Michael, trying to assume an equal composure of manner. "Then I'll wish you a very good night." He went out of the house-door half-expecting to be called back again; but, instead, he heard a hasty step inside, and a bolt drawn.

"Whew!" said he to himself, "I think I must leave lady alone for a week or two, and give her time to come to her senses. She'll not find it so easy as she thinks to let me go."

So he went past the kitchen window in nonchalant style, and was not seen again at Yew Nook for some weeks. How did he pass the time? For the first day or two he was unusually cross with all things and people that came across him. Then wheat harvest began, and he was busy, and exultant about his heavy crop. Then a man came from a distance to bid for the lease of his farm, which had been offered for sale by his father's advice, as he himself was soon likely to remove to the Yew Nook. He had so little idea that Susan really would remain firm to her determination, that he at once began to haggle with the man who came after his farm, showed him the crop just got in, and managed skilfully enough to make a good bargain for himself. Of course the bargain had to be sealed at the public house; and the companions he met with there soon became friends enough to tempt him into Langdale, where again he met with Eleanor Hebthwaite.

How did Susan pass the time? For the first day or so she was too angry and offended to cry. She went about her household duties in a quick, sharp, jerking, yet absent way; shrinking one moment from Will, overwhelming him with remorseful caresses the next. The third day of Michael's absence she had the relief of a good fit of crying; and after that she grew softer

and more tender; she felt how harshly she had spoken to him, and remembered how angry she had been. She made excuses for him. "It was no wonder," she said to herself, "that he had been vexed with her; and no wonder he would not give in when she had never tried to speak gently or to reason with him. She was to blame, and she would tell him so, and tell him once again all that her mother had bade her be to Willie, and all the horrible stories she had heard about madhouses, and he would be on her side at once."

And so she watched for his coming, intending to apologize as soon as ever she saw him. She hurried over her household work, in order to sit quietly at her sewing, and hear the first distant sound of his well-known step or whistle. But even the sound of her flying needle seemed too loud—perhaps she was losing an exquisite instant of anticipation; so she stopped sewing, and looked longingly out through the geranium leaves, so that her eye might catch the first stir of the branches in the wood-path by which he generally came. Now and then a bird might spring out of the covert; otherwise the leaves were heavily still in the sultry weather of early autumn. Then she would take up her sewing, and with a spasm of resolution, she would determine that a certain task should be fulfilled before she would again allow herself the poignant luxury of expectation. Sick at heart was she when the evening closed in, and the chances of that day diminished. Yet she stayed up longer than usual, thinking that if he were coming—if he were only passing along the distant road—the sight of a light in the window might encourage him to make his appearance even at that late hour, while seeing the house all darkened and shut up might quench any such intention.

Very sick and weary at heart, she went to bed; too desolate and despairing to cry, or make any moan. But in the morning hope came afresh. Another day — another chance! And so it went on for weeks. Peggy understood her young mistress's sorrow full well, and respected it by her silence on the subject. Willie seemed happier now that the irritation of Michael's presence was removed; for the poor idiot had a sort of antipathy to Michael, which was a kind of heart's echo to the repugnance in which the latter held him. Altogether, just at this time, Willie was the happiest of the three.

As Susan went into Coniston, to sell her butter, one Saturday, some inconsiderate person told her that they had seen Michael Hurst the night before. I said inconsiderate, but I might rather have said unobservant; for any one who had spent half an hour in Susan Dixon's company might have seen that she disliked having any reference made to the subjects nearest to her heart, were they joyous or grievous. Now she went a little paler than usual (and she had never recovered her color since she had had the fever), and tried to keep silence. But an irrepressible pang forced out the question:

"Where?"

"At Thomas Applethwaite's, in Langdale. They had a kind of harvest-home, and he were there among the young folk, and very thick wi' Nelly Hebthwaite, old Thomas's niece. Thou'lt have to look after him a bit, Susan!"

She neither smiled nor sighed. The neighbor who had been speaking to her was struck with the gray stillness of her face. Susan herself felt how well her self-command was obeyed by every little muscle, and said to herself in her Spartan manner, "I can bear it without either wincing or blenching." She went home early, at a tearing, passionate pace, trampling and breaking through all obstacles of brier or bush. Wil-

lie was moping in her absence, hanging listlessly on the farm-yard gate to watch for her. When he saw her, he set up one of his strange, inarticulate cries, of which she was now learning the meaning, and came towards her with his loose, galloping run, head and limbs all shaking and wagging with pleasant excitement. Suddenly she turned from him, and burst into tears. She sate down on a stone by the wayside, not a hundred yards from home, and buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a passion of pent-up sorrow, so terrible and full of agony were her low cries, that the idiot stood by her, aghast and silent. All his joy gone for the time, but not like her joy, turned into ashes. Some thought struck him. Yes! the sight of her woe made him think, great as the exertion was. He ran, and stumbled, and shambled home, buzzing with his lips all the time. She never missed him. He came back in a trice, bringing with him his cherished paper windmill, bought on that fatal day when Michael had taken him into Kendal, to have his doom of perpetual idiotcy pronounced. He thrust it into Susan's face, her hands, her lap, regardless of the injury his frail plaything thereby received. He leapt before her, to think how he had cured all heart-sorrow, buzzing louder than ever. Susan looked up at him, and that glance of her sad eyes sobered him. He began to whimper, he knew not why; and she now, comforter in her turn, tried to soothe him by twirling his windmill. But it was broken; it made no noise; it would not go round. This seemed to afflict Susan more than him. She tried to make it right, although she saw the task was hopeless; and while she did so, the tears rained down unheeded from her bent head on the paper toy.

"It won't do," she said at last. "It will never do again." And, somehow, she took the accident and her words as omens of the love that was broken, and that she feared could never be pieced together again. She rose up and took Willie's hand, and the two went in slowly to the house.

To her surprise Michael Hurst sat in the house-place. House-place is a sort of better kitchen, where no cookery is done, but which is reserved for state occasions. Michael had gone in there because he was accompanied by his only sister, a woman older than himself, who was well married beyond Keswick, and who now came for the first time to make acquaintance with Susan. Michael had primed his sister with his wishes with regard to Will, and the position in which he stood with Susan; and arriving at Yew Nook in the absence of the latter, he had not scrupled to conduct his sister into the guest-room, as he held Mrs. Gale's worldly position in respect and admiration, and therefore wished her to be favorably impressed with all the signs of property which he was beginning to consider as Susan's greatest charm. He had secretly said to himself that if Eleanor Hebthwaite and Susan Dixon were equal as to riches, he would sooner have Eleanor by far. He had begun to consider Susan as a termagant; and when he thought of his intercourse with her, recollections of her somewhat warm and hasty temper came far more readily to his mind than any remembrance of her generous, loving nature.

And now she stood face to face with him; her eyes tear-swollen, her garments dusty, and here and there torn in consequence of her rapid progress through the bushy by-paths. She did not make a favorable impression on the well-clad Mrs. Gale, dressed in her best silk gown, and therefore unusually susceptible to the appearance of another. Nor were her manners gracious or cordial. How could they be, when she remembered what had passed between Michael and herself the last time they met?

For her penitence had faded away under the daily disappointment of these last dreary weeks.

But she was hospitable in substance. She bade Peggy hurry on the kettle, and busied herself among the tea-cups, thankful that the presence of Mrs. Gale, as a stranger, would prevent the immediate recurrence to the one subject which she felt must be present in Michael's mind as well as in her own. But Mrs. Gale was withheld by no such feelings of delicacy. She had come ready-primed with the case, and had undertaken to bring the girl to reason. There was no time to be lost. It had been pre-arranged between the brother and sister that he was to stroll out into the farm-yard before his sister introduced the subject; but she was so confident in the success of her arguments, that she must needs have the triumph of a victory as soon as possible; and, accordingly, she brought a hail-storm of good reasons to bear upon Susan's. Susan did not reply for a long time; she was so indignant at this intermeddling of a stranger in the deep family sorrow and shame. Mrs. Gale thought she was gaining the day, and urged her arguments more pitilessly. Even Michael winced for Susan, and wondered at her silence. He shrunk out of sight, and into the shadow, hoping that his sister might prevail, but annoyed at the hard way in which she kept putting the case.

Suddenly Susan turned round from the occupation she had pretended to be engaged in, and said to him in a low voice, which yet not only vibrated itself, but made its hearers vibrate through all their obtuseness:

"Michael Hurst! does your sister speak truth, think you?"

Both women looked at him for his answer. Mrs. Gale without anxiety, for had she not said the very words they had spoken together before? had she not used the very arguments that he himself had suggested? Susan, on the contrary, looked to his answer as settling her doom for life; and in the gloom of her eyes you might have read more despair than hope.

He shuffled his position. He shuffled in his words.

"What is it you ask? My sister has said many things."

"I ask you," said Susan, trying to give a crystal clearness both to her expressions and her pronunciation, "if, knowing as you do how Will is afflicted, you will help me to take that charge of him that I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would do, and which means that I shall keep him always with me, and do all in my power to make his life happy. If you will do this, I will be your wife; if not, I remain unwed."

"But he may get dangerous; he can be but a trouble; his being here is a pain to you, Susan, not a pleasure."

"I ask you for either yes or no," said she, a little contempt at his evading her question mingling with her tone. He perceived it, and it nettled him.

"And I have told you. I answered your question the last time I was here. I said I would ne'er keep house with an idiot; no more I will. So now you've gotten your answer."

"I have," said Susan. And she sighed deeply.

"Come now," said Mrs. Gale, encouraged by the sigh; "one would think you don't love Michael, Susan, to be so stubborn in yielding to what I'm sure would be best for the lad."

"Oh! she does not care for me," said Michael. "I don't believe she ever did."

"Don't I? Have not I?" asked Susan, her eyes blazing out fire. She left the room directly, and sent Peggy in to make the tea; and catching at Will, who was lounging about in the kitchen, she went up stairs with him and bolted herself in,

straining the boy to her heart, and keeping almost breathless, lest any noise she made should cause him to break out into the howls and sounds which she could not bear that those below should hear.

A knock at the door. It was Peggy.

"He wants for to see you, to wish you good-by."

"I cannot come. Oh, Peggy, send them away."

It was her only cry for sympathy; and the old servant understood it. She sent them away, somehow; not politely, as I have been given to understand.

"Good go with them," said Peggy, as she grimly watched their retreating figures. "We're rid of bad rubbish, anyhow." And she turned into the house with the intention of making ready some refreshment for Susan, after her hard day at the market, and her harder evening. But in the kitchen, to which she passed through the empty house-place, making a face of contemptuous dislike at the used tea-cups and fragments of a meal yet standing there, she found Susan, with her sleeves tucked up and her working apron on, busied in preparing to make clap-bread, one of the hardest and hottest domestic tasks of a daleswoman. She looked up, and first met and then avoided Peggy's eye; it was too full of sympathy. Her own cheeks were flushed, and her own eyes were dry and burning.

"Where's the board, Peggy? We need clap-bread; and I reckon I've time to get through with it to-night." Her voice had a sharp dry tone in it, and her motions had a jerking angularity in them.

Peggy said nothing, but fetched her all that she needed. Susan beat her cakes thin with vehement force. As she stooped over them, regardless even of the task in which she seemed so much occupied, she was surprised by a touch on her mouth of something—what she did not see at first. It was a cup of tea, delicately sweetened and cooled, and held to her lips when exactly ready by the faithful old woman. Susan held it off a hand's-breadth, and looked into Peggy's eyes, while her own filled with the strange relief of tears.

"Lass!" said Peggy, solemnly, "thou hast done well. It is not long to bide, and then the end will come."

"But you are very old, Peggy," said Susan, quivering.

"It is but a day sin' I were young," replied Peggy; but she stopped the conversation by again pushing the cup with gentle force to Susan's dry and thirsty lips. When she had drunken she fell again to her labor, Peggy heating the hearth, and doing all that she knew would be required, but never speaking another word. Willie basked close to the fire, enjoying the animal luxury of warmth, for the autumn evenings were beginning to be chilly. It was one o'clock before they thought of going to bed on that memorable night. But, reader, hear my story to the end.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.)

ROME, DEAR ROME!

IN HONOR OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

O CHURCH, ever holy, unerring, and pure!
Oh, portal of heaven; oh, way truly sure!
My heart turns to thee with faith and with love;
For I know thou wert founded by him from above.
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome!
The home of the soul is the dear Church of Rome.

In thee we have unity, concord, and peace;
In thee is the power our sins to efface;
In thee we see holiness splendidly shine;
In thee are sure hope and a faith that's divine;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
In thee all is holy, oh charming old Rome!

The canonized saints thee their parent proclaim,
Confessors and martyrs own thy fond name;
As mother and nurse thee the virgins do own,
Imitators of her who gave birth to God's Son;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The glory of earth is the old Church of Rome!

In thee reigns sweet Mary, thy own gracious queen;
The refuge of sinners she always has been.
With Jesus in heaven she reigns and she lives,
And his graces most choice through her pleading he gives;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
In thee all is beauty, oh wonderful Rome!

Though hoary with age, thou art still in fresh youth,
For thou art the pillar and ground of the truth;
With thee is abiding the Spirit Divine,
In thee all the graces and virtues do shine;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
Ever old, ever new, is our blessed old Rome!

Of art and of sciences thou art the friend,
And learning and letters on thee do attend;
And true civilization attends on thy pace,
For thou art the glory and light of our race;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
Our pillar of light shines forth brightly from Rome!

The orphan and widow thou always dost heed;
Asylums thou hast for each grief and each need;
And e'en those sad frail ones, bereft of fair fame,
Find refuge in thee, and a veil for their shame;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The friend of the poor is the chaste Church of Rome!

I pity those souls, who so blindly deny
That thou art Christ's spouse dear to him as his eye,
No sweet home have they; for they sadly are tossed
To and fro by the winds, until fatally lost.
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
He is out of the ark who's not in thee, old Rome!

In thee is true freedom—not evil to do,
But to do what is good, and believe what is true;
All else is but license, the fatal broad way
To dazzle our minds, and then lead us astray;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The light of mankind is found only in Rome!

In vain have the powers of hell and of earth
Against thee combined since the hour of thy birth;
In vain have the passions and vices of men
Leagued against thee, great Queen, for thou knowest no sin
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
On the rock is seen founded the sound Church of Rome!

Once I groped in the mazes of error and doubt;
False freedom deceived me, false lights were held out;
But, turning to thee, by God's mercy and grace,
I have in thee found rest, contentment, and peace;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The light of the soul is the dear Church of Rome!

Then hail, dearest Mother, most lovely and kind,
Receive the fond homage that comes from my mind;
I will love and obey thee as long as I live,
And my heart and my soul I to God and thee give.
Rome, Rome; dearest, sweet Rome,
Forever I'll love thee, O Christ-loving Rome!

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

"THIS is the greatest ecclesiastical seat of learning in Christendom—the College of the Propaganda alone excepted. This institution needs no advertisement in a newspaper—its fame is worldwide." Such were the words of Archbishop MacHale, a few years ago, in the prayer-hall of Maynooth College—words which were cheered to the echo by six hundred students. The praise of the Lion of the Fold of Judah is not exaggerated; for who has not heard of the great national university of the Irish priesthood? What land has it not blessed with zealous, learned, and eloquent missionaries? It is not as old as Oxford or Cambridge; it does not possess the wealth of Trinity College in the Irish metropolis; but I venture to affirm that it has achieved, during the past eighty years, greater triumphs in the cause of Christian education than all three, widely renowned as they unquestionably are. There is no quarter of the globe in which the footprints of its alumni cannot be traced. Its monuments can be found wherever the English tongue is spoken. Strange that an institution which has deserved well of three generations of Irishmen should have been founded by the British Government, the hereditary foe of the Celtic race. Yet such is the fact. The necessity which called Maynooth College into existence was pressing. Three centuries of persecution had almost broken the proud national spirit "that never would bend." An infamous educational penal code prevented nine-tenths of the Irish people from acquiring the knowledge which was necessary to raise them to the height and dignity of freemen. In France an impious revolution gave a death-blow to the colleges founded by exiled but heroic Irishmen. Ireland needed a nursery for her priesthood, and several causes combined to compel England to supply the pressing need. She had lost the thirteen American colonies. French valor was daily winning new victories, and Ireland was making silent preparations for a desperate struggle for freedom. English statesmen came to the conclusion that Irish priests should be educated in Ireland. They feared a foreign education, and with characteristic policy, deemed it prudent to conciliate Irish Catholics in the hour of peril. The establishment of Maynooth College, in 1795, was considered by the British Government sufficient to make amends for the misrule of centuries. Lord Clare thus tells the story of its infancy:

"In the year 1795, at the opening of the session of Parliament in Ireland, Lord Fitzwilliam, in his speech from the throne, recommended to both Houses to take into serious consideration the imperfect system of education in Ireland, more particularly with respect to persons of the Roman Catholic religion. And Dr. Hussey very soon after came into this country, under the patronage of the Irish Government, to be put at the head of a college, to be founded exclusively for the education of persons of that persuasion of all descriptions. Nothing further passed during Lord Fitzwilliam's stay in Ireland, but soon after Lord Camden's arrival, an act was passed appointing trustees to found a college in Ireland for the education indiscriminately of persons of the Catholic religion. An immediate grant was made by Parliament of £8000 to the trustees, to enable them to purchase a house and other necessary buildings for the accommodation of students. In the session of 1796 a further grant of £7000 was made by Parliament to the trustees, to enable

them to enlarge the accommodations for students, and in the sessions of 1797 and 1798 two further grants of £10,000 each were made for the same purpose."

Lord Clare further adds that it was understood that, on the original foundation of Maynooth College, it was to be made a seminary for educating the Catholic gentry as well as the Catholic clergy. The union, however, prevented the scheme of lay and clerical education from being carried into execution. From the year 1800 down to the present time, Maynooth has been a seat of purely ecclesiastical education.

Maynooth is about fifteen miles distant from Dublin. It is one of the most historic spots in the county of Kildare. It is inseparably associated with the glories and misfortunes of the Geraldines. On the right, as you enter the college gate, stands an old Geraldine fortress, which has withstood the storms of six hundred years. When Silken Thomas (so-called, because his numerous horsemen's accoutrements were gorgeously embroidered with silk) raised the standard of rebellion in Ireland, the perfidy of the governor, Christopher Parese, whose name has passed into a proverb of infamy, placed the fortress in possession of the Lord Deputy, Sir William Skeffington. The traitor, immediately after having betrayed his trust, demanded the price of his perfidy. "Has Lord Thomas Fitzgerald been a kind friend to you?" inquired Sir William Skeffington. "He has loaded me with gifts," responded the traitor. "How, then," said the deputy, "could you have the heart to betray so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for—and here, also, executioner, without delay, as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head!" The deputy's orders were immediately executed, and the fate of Christopher Parese was a terror to traitors in Ireland till Luttrell betrayed the pass at the siege of Limerick. This historical fact is worthy of mention even in a brief notice of Maynooth.

St. Patrick's College is not the only educational institution which Maynooth has seen. In 1518, Gerald, the eighth Earl of Kildare, founded a college adjoining the town, with provost, vice-provost, and fellows, and endowed it with lands around the tower of Tahadoe—a tower of which Maynooth students need no description. The proud earl's college, however, was destined to be short-lived. Henry the Eighth, the royal plunderer of the monasteries, deprived it of its revenues. A more glorious destiny was reserved for St. Patrick's College. Though a beggarly annual grant of eight thousand pounds—and sometimes even this pittance was considered too much for the education of the Catholic clergy of Ireland—retarded its growth for more than forty years, still it continued to flourish till it renewed the glories of Armagh, Bangor, Glendalough, Glasnevin, Lismore, and Clonmacnoise. The gifted men who watched its infancy were eminent in science and letters. Its first president, Dr. Hussey, afterwards Bishop of Waterford, was one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish priesthood of those days. His learning, eloquence, address, and diplomatic skill made him a valuable and influential member of the Spanish Embassy in London. His intellectual attainments and bright virtues attracted the attention and won the esteem of the statesmen who then ruled the destinies of the British Empire. He was the cherished friend of the greatest mind of the age, the illustrious Edmund Burke. The friendship of Burke has immortalized the names of those who enjoyed it, and Dr. Hussey enjoyed it to the fullest extent. Burke was the fearless advocate of the rights of his Catholic countrymen, the true friend of

Catholic Ireland when "it was treason to love her and death to defend." Dr. Hussey consulted him upon every question affecting the interests of Irish Catholics, and when St. Patrick's College was about to be established, he sought his advice in taking precautions against the dangers of a concession which many Catholics looked upon as a covert attack upon their religion. In all his difficulties he availed himself of the wise counsels of his illustrious friend. He dreaded the Greeks, even when bearing gifts, and he consulted the oracle of the British Senate in order to make the proffered gift a blessing to his persecuted countrymen. One letter which he received from Edmund Burke on the 17th of March, 1795, can never be read too often by Irish Catholics. It was a warning and a prophecy:

"It is my poor opinion," says the great Christian statesman whose prophetic genius penetrated the future, "it is my poor opinion that if the necessary money is given to your own free disposal (that is, to the disposal of the Catholic prelates), that it ought to be readily and thankfully accepted, from whatever hand it comes. It is my equally clear opinion that they ought not only to consent, but to desire, that an account of the expenditure, with proper vouchers, should be annually or biennially, according to convenience, laid before a committee of the House of Commons, to prevent the very suspicion of jobbing, to which all public institutions in Ireland are liable. All other interference whatever, if I were in the place of these reverend persons, I would resist; and would much rather trust to God's providence, and the contributions of your own people, for the education of your own clergy, than to put into the hands of your *known, avowed,* and *implacable enemies*—into the hands of those who make it their *merit* and their boast that they are your *enemies*—the very fountains of your morals and your religion. I have considered this matter at large, and at various times, and I have considered it in relation to the designs of your enemies. The scheme of these colleges, as you well know, did not originate from them; but they will endeavor to pervert the benevolence and liberality of others into an instrument of their own evil purpose. Be well assured that they never did, and that they never will consent, to give one shilling of money for any other purpose than to do mischief; if you consent to put your clerical education, or *any other part* of your education, under their direction or control, then you will have sold your religion for their money. There will be an end, not only of the Catholic religion, but of all religion, all morality, all law, and all order, in that unhappy kingdom."

Such were the immortal words of the mighty champion of the oppressed in every land and every clime—an Irishman who had an eloquence as soul-stirring as ever thrilled the hearts of an audience, a courage as undaunted as ever animated the human breast, and a heart as pure, as noble, and as chivalrous as ever throbbed to the inspirations of friendship or patriotism. There are only two Protestant names that can be ranked with that of Edmund Burke. I mean Grotius and Leibnitz, and I am of opinion that Burke was a greater benefactor of mankind than either. His predictions regarding Maynooth College—thanks to the vigilance of the Irish hierarchy—have not been verified, but the letter which I have quoted will be always a guide to Irish Catholics in maintaining intact the immortal principle of Catholic education. In the light of recent events, that letter conclusively proves that the education of the Catholic youth of Ireland should never be intrusted to the tender care of the British Government. Burke

knew full well that the grant for the education of the Irish clergy was the cold and heartless concession of policy, and not the gift of goodwill or honest intention.

Dr. Hussey, notwithstanding the fears of his friends, addressed himself to the task of raising the new college to academic importance. He appreciated the necessity of employing professors whose qualifications malice itself could not question. He knew that a college cannot flourish without an able professional staff, and that an humble building with distinguished scholars is more certain of academic success than a magnificent edifice with secondhand tutors.

His efforts in securing eminent talents were successful, and the names of Dr. Aherne, Dr. Flood, Clinch, Delort, Lovelock, and Eustace are sufficient to prove his fitness for the position of president of the new college. So scrupulous was he in selecting able professors that though he was acquainted with the talents of Clinch, he would not give him the position he sought—the chair of rhetoric—without undergoing an examination. Clinch was accordingly examined by Edmund Burke, who was so delighted with his answering that he took from his own library a quarto edition of Horace, in which he wrote these words: "Edmund Burke presents this book to James Bernard Clinch, in admiration of his talents." Thus the first professor of rhetoric in Maynooth College was appointed through the recommendation of the greatest orator of the modern world. What wonder that a college which has been blessed from its first establishment with the most learned professors should be so widely renowned!

Clinch was one of the most distinguished rhetoricians Maynooth has ever seen. His pamphlets against the veto are unsurpassed for beauty of language, force of argument, and richness, variety, and felicity of illustration. His celebrated work *On Church Government* astonished the great Dr. Milner, who stated in a letter to Archbishop Troy, "that it would do honor to the most learned canonist in the most learned age of the Church, but in the present age, it was a prodigy; that the author went to the bottom of the well in search of truth, and brought that precious treasure out of it." To the names already mentioned were soon added those of Delahogue, Anglade, Darré (all three gifted authors), and Ferris.

When Dr. Hussey was appointed bishop of Waterford, he was succeeded in the office of president by Dr. Flood, whose government of the young college was eminently successful. Dr. Flood was a generous patron of learning and learned men, and his administration was an era of literary glory in the history of Maynooth College. His immediate successors were men of parts and varied erudition—men worthy of a nation's confidence and gratitude—men who would reflect lustre upon the most renowned seats of learning in Europe.

In truth, the presidents of Maynooth, from Dr. Hussey down to Dr. Russell, have been all remarkable for a special fitness for the high and responsible position which their talents adorned and virtues ennobled. They had difficulties to overcome, obstacles to surmount, and opposition to combat, but their prudence, wisdom, courage, exact and varied erudition, and high administrative abilities, turned difficulties into stepping-stones, and raised St. Patrick's College from obscurity to renown. The prelates who selected them for so high a trust deserved well of Ireland.

The annual grant was increased in 1845 from £8000 to £30,000. This necessary increase enabled the trustees to erect new buildings and provide accommodations for a larger number of students. It gave the college new strength and new power

in realizing the purpose for which it was founded. Affection for the Irish people, however, was not the inspiration of the increased grant. The wily statesman, Sir Robert Peel, was about establishing a new system of education in Ireland. History and his own experience convinced him that Irish Catholics would never embrace Protestantism. He resolved to make the sons of Catholic parents infidels by providing them with a system of education from which religion would be carefully excluded. To divert the attention of priests and people from his gigantic scheme of godless education, he increased the Maynooth grant.

Three infidel colleges were to be established in Ireland, but it was first necessary to delude the Catholics into the belief that he was their generous friend, and that the increased endowment of Maynooth College was a conclusive proof of his new-born friendship. If I err in taking this view of Sir Robert Peel's policy, I err with the most venerated prelate of the Irish race, the great Archbishop MacHale. From a letter addressed to Sir Robert Peel, on the 7th of June, 1845, by Archbishop MacHale, I quote the following two sentences: "It is from your miscalculation of the just standard of Irish feeling regarding the Maynooth grant, that you have, in an evil hour, been betrayed into the adoption of the scheme of infidel education. You fancied that under the shadow of the Maynooth endowment you could steal on the country a disastrous and demoralizing measure, which would have neutralized all the advantages of the other." Though Peel's scheme of godless education was carried into execution, he could never overreach the great Archbishop of the West, whose vigilance always detected the stealthy approach of every enemy of his country. If the Maynooth grant has not realized the worst anticipations of Edmund Burke, let Irish Catholics be grateful to Archbishop MacHale, and his faithful and patriotic brother prelates.

The descriptions of Maynooth College with which English tourists sometimes favor the public ought to be read with caution by Americans. Over forty years ago Thackeray visited the institution, and gave a description of it in his *Irish Sketch-book*. The *Sketch-book* is widely circulated in America, and from personal experience I can say that many persons accept his picture of the place as genuine. Our readers, however, may be assured that his description of Maynooth and its inmates is a malicious libel, unredeemed by wit or humor. True, the magnificent buildings which at present excite the wonder and compel the admiration of the stranger, were not erected in 1830, but even then St. Patrick's College was famous as the nursery of the majority of the Irish clergy; the hallowed retreat in which the most celebrated scholars of the age had received their education. The architecture was not superb, but the sons of fathers who were accustomed to attend the hedge-school and the midnight mass in the wooded glen, the wild rath, or mountain cave, were happy to enjoy the opportunity of preparing themselves for the arduous and onerous duties of the priesthood in houses of study which, though not as magnificent as those of Oxford, were substantial proof of real progress. Thackeray was a satirist in everything he wrote; in his sketches, in his lectures, in his novels; and the man who could sneer at the classic glories of Athens might be excused on the ground of invincible ignorance for his vain effort to caricature the Catholic glories of Maynooth. He hated the Catholic faith and despised Greek literature. How unlike his famous countryman, Lord Byron, who, though he knew little Greek, owed his noblest inspirations to the study of the history of Greece, and who, though an infidel, gave a new celeb-

rity to St. Peter's in the City of the Seven Hills! Farewell, Thackeray; Maynooth has survived your ridicule, your culpable ignorance, and your anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudice. If you confined yourself to such subjects as George the Fourth (of pious memory!), and kept at a distance from Maynooth, you might be praised by your admirers as a great social reformer. But when you make no distinction between vice and virtue, you destroy the value of your praise and censure.

The students of Maynooth College number six hundred. This was the number before the withdrawal of the annual endowment. Sometimes the number did not exceed five hundred.

The full course of instruction usually occupies eight years, three of which are spent in the junior house, and five in the senior house. During the academic year the junior have no intercourse with the senior students. Students who are successful in winning high honors can, after completing the usual course, remain three years on the Dunboyne establishment. Those three years are devoted to the study of an extended course of theology, canon law, ecclesiastical history, the Hebrew language, and "the composition of dissertations on important ecclesiastical subjects." The Dunboyne establishment is called after Lord Dunboyne, who, before his lamentable fall, was the Catholic Bishop of Cork. He renounced the faith of his fathers to gain possession of his family estate. After thirteen years of apostasy a severe illness convinced him that his end was approaching, and that it was necessary to prepare himself for the next world. He wished to die in the faith which he had abjured for perishable wealth, which he did not long enjoy, and to atone for the scandal he had brought upon the Catholic name. He begged Archbishop Troy, in two letters, to receive him into the Catholic Church. In one of these communications he inclosed a letter to the Pope, which was forwarded to Rome by Dr. Troy, who, upon learning that Lord Dunboyne was sinking rapidly, sent Dr. Gahan to Dunboyne Castle to receive the penitent prelate into the Church. Dr. Gahan blessed him with the consolations of that religion to which (it is to be hoped) he had returned with an humble and contrite heart. In his last will he bequeathed his estate in the county of Meath to the trustees of Maynooth College.

Efforts were immediately made to invalidate the will, on the plea that Lord Dunboyne had died a Catholic. The penal code, notwithstanding the establishment of Maynooth College by the British Government, still sanctioned and encouraged this atrocious injustice. The details of the legal proceedings which followed the publication of the will possess no special interest for the reader. Suffice it to say that the noblest victim of the litigation was Dr. Gahan, who was subjected to a persecution worthy of the evil spirit which dictated the statute of Kilkenny, and inspired the penal code. Even the mild and gentle Lord Kilwarden, who presided at the trial, sentenced him to a week's imprisonment in the gaol of Trim, because he refused to reveal the secrets of the confessional. "I submit with resignation to your sentence," said the venerable old priest, "but I assure your lordship that, like Eleazar of old, I would sooner lay my head on a block and forfeit my life than reveal the secrets which have been disclosed to me in the ministerial discharge of my duty." Dr. Gahan became acquainted with Bishop Butler (Lord Dunboyne) in 1786. The acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship, which, though interrupted for a time, was renewed on the eve of Lord Dunboyne's final departure from his earthly possessions. The sermons of Dr. Gahan are read and

studied wherever the Catholic faith is planted. As a pulpit orator he shone with extraordinary lustre. Eloquence, however, was not his sole praise. His religious works will keep his name perpetually green in the hearts of his countrymen.

Of all his ecclesiastical contemporaries in Ireland, he was probably the most instrumental in inducing Lord Dunboyne to assist Maynooth College in its infancy by a timely bequest. Lord Dunboyne's bequest amounted to £1000 per annum, but the legal contest and parliamentary action reduced it to £500. When Vesey Fitzgerald, the memorable opponent of O'Connell at the famous Clare election, which opened the gates of the British constitution to Irish Catholics, was Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, £700 were added to the Dunboyne annuity, which is the permanent property of the college. The highest class is that of the Dunboyne students, who number twenty, sometimes twenty-four. They are generally, but not always, the most distinguished students of the college. A student may carry off, during his whole course, the highest honors of the institution, but, unless there is a place vacant for him in the Dunboyne establishment, he must immediately after ordination commence his missionary duties.

Maynooth has been sometimes assailed by adversaries who might, with more consistency, and certainly with more justice, have assailed Trinity College, which has been the nursery of the petty tyrants who have ruled Ireland with a rod of iron. I have never met, and I have had considerable college experience on both sides of the Atlantic, I never expect to meet a more learned, a more industrious, a more exemplary, and a more patriotic body of students than the noble and gifted students of Maynooth. They are the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland. The sons of the people, they love the people, know their wants, sympathize with their sufferings, and share their aspirations. Their patriotism is of the truest and purest kind. They read and study Irish history; they love their country with a love as strong as death, but they are not lunatics or knaves. I may mention, as a proof of their patriotism, that the presence of Archbishop MacHale was always sufficient to evoke such enthusiastic cheers as young Irish hearts can give to honor and encourage the champion of a good cause. The sight of his well-known figure always kindled their patriotic enthusiasm, because they looked upon him as the most fearless champion of his race, country, and creed. Such was their devotion to him that each would seem to say: Mallem, mehercle, cum illo errare quam cum aliis recte sentire. The influence which Maynooth College exercises upon the Irish race is not confined to the distinguished ecclesiastics who, year after year, go forth from its classic halls to preach the Gospel and diffuse the blessings of knowledge among the poor.

In Ireland, in England, in Scotland, in the United States, in the Canadas, in Australia, in Hindostan there are Maynooth men; some distinguished as lawyers, some as physicians, some as journalists, others as engineers, and others as professors.

They bade farewell affectionately and honorably to their Alma Mater, because they feared that they had no vocation for the priesthood. Their influence is great; it is not the less effective because they do not proclaim it on the house-tops. No contact with the world can efface from their hearts or memories the Catholic training which they received in Maynooth.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The professors of Maynooth need no praise from me. Their literary

and scientific productions are their most eloquent eulogies. They are too active and energetic to follow the example of the literary drones of Trinity College. They devote their leisure hours to the composition of works which are daily giving Maynooth a wide celebrity.

Dr. Russell, the eloquent biographer of Cardinal Mezzofanti, is one of the most accomplished scholars in Ireland. A distinguished linguist, and a noble type of a true Irish gentleman, he reflects honor upon the responsible position which, for many years, he has worthily filled. Dr. Murray is at once famous as a poet, a brilliant essayist, an acute and eloquent critic, and one of the greatest theological writers of the age. I remember the saintly Dr. Callan, who rendered signal service to natural philosophy, and the gifted Jennings, whose premature death deprived his Alma Mater of one of its brightest ornaments. I have a fresh recollection of Dr. Molloy, the terror of infidel geologists, and Dr. McCarthy, the learned expounder of the Sacred Scriptures. In a word, to borrow the language of Cardinal Wiseman, the students of Maynooth can bear comparison with those of any other ecclesiastical or literary institution in the world.

When the Protestant Church of Ireland was disestablished a few years ago, the Maynooth grant was withdrawn. The British ministry, however, paid to the trustees of the college, as a compensation for the withdrawal, the sum of nearly four hundred thousand pounds. The grant was long the cause of annual discussions in the House of Commons, which kept anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudice alive, and roused the worst passions of the patrons of Exeter Hall. Many good Irishmen also feared that it might ultimately be the cause of sundering the ties that united the priests and people for centuries. Thus, from different motives, English bigots and Irish patriots were opposed to the annual endowment. The withdrawal of the grant, however, cannot affect the future success and prosperity of Maynooth College. That noble seat of learning has triumphed over difficulties which can never again lessen its influence or retard its growth. A people who are grateful for the countless benefits which it has conferred upon them will always be proud and willing to support it when necessary, and by voluntary contributions. That Maynooth may be long the great university of the Irish priesthood is the prayer of every true Catholic Celt who loves the dear old land and the dear old faith.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND SCIENTIFIC UNBELIEF.

St. Augustine wrote his treatise, *De Utilitate Credendi*, for the benefit of his friend Honoratus, whom he had left behind him in the ranks of the Manichees. These sectaries held captive their proselyte, by fair promises of teaching him nothing but what was manifest to reason; whilst they poisoned his mind against Catholicity by ridiculing the idea of faith, which believes on authority what it does not understand.

Clearly what a great saint had to say, on such an occasion, may aptly claim our attention at the present time. And his words will have all the more weight because they were written, under the impulse of strong concern for a friend, by a man of keen intellect and of high moral

worth, who had himself first painfully beaten out the path along which he now sought to lead another. Hence, though with more brevity than in his *Confessions*, he recounts his own example. "I left you," he says, "and crossed the sea, in a state of doubt as to what tenets I should still hold by, and what I should give up. This perplexity of mine daily grew greater from the time I became the hearer of that man* whose advent, you know, was heralded to us as that of some heaven-sent teacher, who should make clear all the dark questions that stirred our souls. But, except for the eloquence there was in him, I found him like the rest of instructors. Being now in Italy, I held much debate with myself, not as to whether I should abide in the sect, into which it grieved me that I had chanced to fall, but how I should find out the truth, my sighs after which are known to none better than to yourself. Often it seemed to me that the quest was vain; and the current of my ideas began to set towards the skeptical school of the Academy. Often, coming back upon my thoughts and pondering deeply, I was brought to be of opinion that, whereas the mind of man was so active, so cunning, so far-searching, it could not be that truth was undiscoverable to it, unless it were because the mode of investigating truth lay undiscovered; and this mode of investigation, I conceived, must be by way of some divine authority. The question was left, Where was this authority? for, amid many conflicting parties, each side asserted for itself the claim to authority. Then arose before me a very forest of bewilderment, to enter which was vexatious in the extreme. Meantime, from my longing to come at truth, my mind was agitated without respite. I began more and more to withdraw from the companionship of those from whom I had determined to separate. In the midst of my trials there was nothing left me but, with agonizing and tearful cries, to beseech the Divine Providence to come to my aid. And this petition I urged most insistently. Certain discourses of the Bishop of Milan had already done somewhat towards raising in me the desire, not unattended with hope, to make thorough research concerning the Old Testament, which, as you are aware, we used to loathe as of ill-repute in our sect. My mind was made up to remain a catechumen of the Church to which I was attached by parentage until such times as I should either find what I sought, or should arrive at the conviction that further inquiry must be abandoned. At this time, had there been any one to teach me, he would have found me an apt and docile pupil. If, therefore you now find yourself harassed as I was, and in the like distress of soul, and if you are of opinion that you have already been buffeted about sufficiently, and wish to put an end to your laborings, then follow the way of Catholic discipline, which has come down to us from Christ himself, through the Apostles, and by us will be handed on to posterity."

* Faustus, the rhetorician.

Now what is noteworthy in the conduct of St. Augustine is, that he realized the problem before him, saw its momentous importance to himself, and determined, at all costs, to solve the question to the best of his ability. On the solution of the difficulty he brought to bear a mind at once dispassionate, humble, and open to all the influences that could rightly claim to move a reasonable and honest man. These three mental dispositions are each deserving of consideration in detail; for they are characteristics which seem to be lacking in many of our modern advocates of scientific unbelief.

1. In the first place, then, I fear there is evident a degree of passionate hostility in the way in which non-believers approach the question of

religion. Their tone is harsh and irritated. Their words are no longer the words of calm, unprejudiced inquiry, but the words of partisans who have a cause to uphold. To take a mild instance, Professor Huxley rather goes out of his way to remark, "in addition to the truth of the doctrine of evolution, one of its greatest merits in my eyes, is the fact that it occupies a position of complete and irreconcilable antagonism to the vigorous and consistent enemy of the highest intellectual, moral, and social life of mankind, the Catholic Church." Surely this is not a fair and dispassionate account of the history of the great Catholic Church. Not to travel beyond this one instance of evolution, the Professor must know certain good Catholics who hold all parts of the evolutionary theory that can honestly be said to have been proved; and the Church has passed no condemnation on their conduct. More than this: she has not condemned even parts not proved. For Professor Huxley agrees with Haeckel that the assumption, that spontaneous generation has actually occurred, is essential to the theory of evolution. But it has never been proved, in the proper sense of that term, that this process did occur, or that it can occur, or even that the molecules of matter are capable of being compounded into live substance under the manipulation of an intelligent being. On this question Professor Tyndall can only say, "I lean to the affirmative," or, "those who hold the doctrine of evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they yield it no more than a professional assent." Nay, Professor Huxley himself elsewhere confesses, "I see no reason for believing that the feat [of producing abiogenesis] has been performed yet;" and, if the whole course of the world's development were laid bare to him, he says, "I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of protoplasm from not living matter." Must it not, then, have been something more than calm reason that prompted him to say absolutely, Evolution is a true doctrine, and I am glad of it, for it is incompatible with Catholicity? The Catholic Church fears no proved result of science. If at times her action has been such as to check scientific theories, ultimately accepted by her, she is not ashamed to own, that she would rather human knowledge should be delayed a little by her over-caution, than that, by over-haste, men of science should enounce propositions contrary to faith, and therefore not true. If there is an eternity for man, it is manifestly better that his temporal well-being should receive a slight check, than that his eternal interests should suffer. But besides the authoritative action of the Church, there is the offence given to men of science by private, irresponsible controversialists on the Catholic side. And here, I acknowledge much just cause for complaint. Certainly defenders of religion often do give provocation, by reckless speaking on scientific matters which they have never been at the trouble to understand, and by stigmatizing as impious teachings which do not warrant that imputation. But all causes have their perverse, or at any rate their innocently mistaken, champions. Surely, no persons more than scientific men themselves, regret the unjustifiable attacks made on religion by the less proficient of their own followers. There are faults on both sides. It is something almost superhuman to carry on a serious controversy without some admixture of temper in the discussion. Truth for truth's sake is a motto easily taken up, but with difficulty reduced to practice. Yet I trust that we Catholics in the main have this one single, loving purpose in combating the views of scientific unbelievers,—to impart to others beliefs which we possess, which we firmly hold to be of momentous con-

sequence, which in fact, we feel convinced, are decisive of the eternal happiness or of the eternal woe of our fellow-men. It is kindly meant, even when the idea is mistaken, importunately to urge a change of position upon one whom we regard as standing in a place of extreme peril. And if it is not always pleasant to be admonished, yet no one, whatever he might think of the reality of the danger, would have the heart to speak harshly to a neighbor who had left his own peaceful bed at night, and had come, at the cost of great trouble and with no gain to himself, to express his anxious conviction that his acquaintance was quietly sleeping in the arms of destruction. Our aims then are good. And on the side of our opponents, we only beg that they will forget any unjustifiable offence they may now and then receive, may cease to regard the investigation into religion as a controversy with antagonists, in which controversy they are pledged to a side, and may come to look at the matter as really a great question, on which they are not clear, but as to which it is their highest interest and bounden duty to get all the light they can. Such is the dispassionate temper we desiderate. Of course, prejudice is so subtle a thing, that it is easy for a person to believe himself quite impartial, when more careful self-examination would show him that he is not. An unbeliever might find it well worth his while to put to himself this question, slowly, seriously, and searchingly: In my attitude towards religious inquiry, am I quite without bias?

2. The next characteristic mentioned of St. Augustine was, that his investigation was humble. Oh, it is objected, that means weakly, submissive, and crouching to authority. No such thing. I think it is now pretty universally recognized by competent men of all shades of opinion, that there is a proper humility and an improper pride. I will explain what was the particular humility of St. Augustine by describing its opposite, as found among our modern men of science. There is amongst them an excess of unyieldingness and defiance in the matter of religion. They begin, they tell us, with the Cartesian principle, never to accept anything as true that is not clearly seen to be true. I will not pause to examine how they keep the positive part of this precept, in the results which they accept as certain. My concern now is with the negative part, which I take to be this: Never to reject as untrue what there is sufficient evidence for admitting as true. A juryman may act as unjustly by ignoring adequate evidence as by accepting inadequate evidence. Now it is a huge fallacy to suppose that evidence is never adequate unless it be physically or metaphysically demonstrative, so that it compel the assent, independently of any good or bad will in the matter. There is such a thing as moral evidence, and of moral evidence, within the limits of what is sufficient proof to claim the assent of honest men, there are varying degrees of cogency, admitting greater or less room for imprudent doubt, while for prudent doubt no room is allowed. In these cases, other things being equal, the decision will be affirmative or negative according to the impartiality of the will. Any obstinacy in this determining faculty is fatal to a right judgment. And here precisely lies the need of what I call humility, by which I here mean a due subjugation of the intellect, by the will, to evidence that is sufficient indeed, but not superabundant, nor as full as the intellect might like. But it is bad practical logic to throw away a competency because it is not affluence. Even poor pay, that just suffices for the necessities of life, is better than no wages. So again, in broad daylight, I cannot only see my way and see it thoroughly, but I may cheer my progress with a view of the coun-

try; but if dusky night comes on, and shows me no more than the brown outline of the road, I am thankful for that much light, if it is enough to guide me to my destination, and I should be a fool to shut my eyes to it because it is not more. Now the Christian evidences may not seem overwhelming in their force, but they are enough to carry conviction to the mind that rightly studies them. They leave the will free to doubt perversely if it choose; hence the merit of faith, which is a free service. It follows, then, that men must come to the study of religion, not in the spirit of defiance and with the stubborn resolve to yield only to compulsion. Compulsion there will be none, if but on this account alone, that, by clinging mainly to difficulties, the large cumulus of favorable evidence may be counteracted. Christ has declared plainly enough and often enough, that humility of heart is needful for those who would come to the knowledge of God. And this declaration, from such a source, deserves the attention of every thinking mind. For Christ surely was no ordinary man. It was by the persevering assertion of Christ, and of his words and deeds, that the Apostles converted the world. They did not trust to dialectics. Neither have Christian controversialists, nowadays, much hope in mere argument. Argument there had been in abundance among the pagan philosophers, and its general result was darkness and perplexity. Then a Man was born in poverty, lived a short and obscure life, and died in ignominy. Yet he said that he had come to enlighten the world. And, sure enough, he did set at rest the minds of the best portion of mankind; so that the great Christian body have, since that time, felt satisfied that they know who God is and what he wants of them, and what destiny he has in store for them. When, then, I say, such a Teacher tells us that humility, or a due submissiveness and teachableness of mind, is needful for a proper inquiry about religion, is it the part of wisdom, or of foolhardy temerity, to disregard his counsel? And, be it remembered, it is not blind submission to authority that is asked, but submission to authority, on evidence morally certain, that the authority is trustworthy. Professor Huxley has said: "I will part with my liberty to do evil, on the cheapest terms, to the first man that will take it of me." In the like spirit, a Christian is glad to lose the liberty of error by following the safe guidance of authority, after he has first duly examined the credentials of the Church that claims his submission. Is there anything degrading in such self-distrust?

3. St. Augustine's third lesson to us lies in the fact that, while seeking a religion, he was open to receive aid from all the faculties of his being that were capable of furnishing assistance. Now scientific men are apt to make their inquiry into the supernatural a matter of pure dry intellect, and of intellect only partially applied, namely, according to the method of physical research alone. A one-sided cultivation of the mind is always dangerous. "Philosophy," says Rousseau, "deadens the heart." And so to be all head and no heart is the limit towards which the exclusive pursuit of physical investigation tends. Religion, however, is an affair neither of pure intellect nor of pure sentiment, but of both intellect and sentiment. There are innate tendencies in human nature, which, under the survey and sanction of reason, have a right to exert their sway. One of these tendencies is a craving after religion; and it is not wise at once to stifle such a desire without giving its claim a hearing. In certain practical matters pure intellect should not work alone; and some things may be set about too scientifically. In Laputa they constructed clothes by mathematics; but the theodolite, backed by an array

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY

of equally grand instruments, proved less satisfactory in its results than our poor solitary measuring-tape. Surely the sacred state of matrimony would not be the gainer if man and wife were to choose each other, as partners for life, on grounds purely and scientifically intellectual! Neither can the reverence of children for parents be regulated by formulæ as complicated even as those which describe the laws of the moon's subjection to her planet. We can never, without suffering for it, take leave of common sense; and common sense tells us that we often need one faculty to supplement another. Thus touch helps sight to give to the eye its primary idea of solidity. Similarly, religion in its exercise needs some play of the affections; and these same affections may reasonably be supposed to have a part to perform in the discovery of religion likewise. More than this; beyond all man's natural powers, we Christians further assert the necessity of divine assistance; for as St. Augustine says: *Si Dei providentia non præsidet rebus humanis, nihil est de religione satagendum.* But on this head I say nothing here. The object of these pages is merely to suggest a few natural dispositions of mind requisite for a man who, knowing not God, professes to be an honest inquirer after him. To such a one I say, in your inquiry use all the means you have got, and do not cling to reason to the extent of unreason.

So much for the threefold lesson to be read in the example of St. Augustine. When the Saint comes to divide unbelievers into classes, he mentions only one class, as in every case blameworthy, "those who, aware of their ignorance, have no will to make inquiry." And it is to be feared, that, in this category, rank a large number of the incredulous of our day. Not that these do not inquire after a fashion, but because their inquiries are not conducted in a proper spirit and method. A preliminary bias vitiates the whole process. Belief and credulity are terms that are become synonymous, though, as St. Augustine is careful to notice, they differ *toto cælo*. In matter of religion, the common feeling is, that any following of authority is essentially degrading, though the whole analogy of human life, in other concerns, goes to show that man was made to depend on the judgment of others, his own reason stopping short at the point of settling whom to trust. Hence, the sick man lets the physician deliberately reduce his strength to the lowest ebb, though this process, for anything that the patient can know about the matter, is no way to the acquisition of robust health. On the authority of another he believes a mystery, and submits to an apparent absurdity. But this same person will hear of no authority in matters more abstruse than that of medicine. He cannot credit what St. Augustine says of authority in the question of religion: "This is the order of God's providence in the matter of right religion; this is the tradition of our holy forefathers, which has been handed down to us; to wish to derange and upset this order of things is nought else but to want to discover a sacrilegious entrance into the true worship. Whoso shall act after this manner, neither if what he wish be granted him, shall he reach the point whither he desires to arrive. For men of his stamp, though their wit be excellent, yet if God be not with them, remain grovelling in the dust." Even Plato had come to the conclusion that it was needful to have a teaching authority, "and some more sure way, such as a divine revelation, relying on which, as on some safe ship, we may happily finish the voyage of life."

Again, it is pitiable to think how many bar the way against themselves of arriving at an acceptance of the

Christian belief, because they will criticize what authority says before they study the motives for submitting to that authority. Such conduct is not tolerated in the student of other matters. What pupil would be allowed to interrupt the very first lectures of his professor of physics by such premature questions as these. If heat is a mode of motion, how do we cool hot tea by stirring it? If light is propagated by modulations, how do we actually see the rays in straight lines? If musical harmony depends on a certain regularity, proportion, and interlacement of atmospheric waves, how is it that these conditions are not utterly destroyed by the ever-varied modifying obstacles encountered in different concert-rooms, and by the ever-varied relative position of the several instruments? The interrogator would be very properly bidden to wait a bit, and not seek to learn everything at once. He would be told there must be order in the acquisition of knowledge. This first. Secondly, there are always inferior minds, to whom the knowledge of superior minds must be forever incommunicable. I suppose this relation often exists between a chemist and his assistant in the laboratory. Yet the former will be highly indignant if his subordinate refused to perform his functions at every stage where the means adopted and the end desired should seem to him irreconcilably at variance. With these two principles in mind, then, that knowledge must proceed step after step, and that to the lower intellect a thing may seem absurd and impossible, which to the higher intellect is rational and possible, we cannot resist the conclusion that it is illogical, and worse, except in very obvious cases, to begin the inquiry whether God has spoken, by criticizing what God is said to have spoken, instead of investigating the fact, whether God has spoken. To many minds, the apparent absurdity of transubstantiation is alone and at once conclusive against Catholicity; and this, although, at the same time, they confess that they do not know what substance is, or how it exists, or what are its possibilities of non-existence and change. Yet they would be inexpressibly vexed at a man born blind, and therefore ignorant of perspective, who should admit, from his sense of touch, that in statuary solid figures were possible, but should absolutely refuse to believe that solidity could be represented by painting, on the, to him, incontrovertible principle that what was of two dimensions could not be so transformed that, remaining still of two dimensions, it should exhibit three dimensions. "And how dare you, sir, who are shorn of one faculty, dare to contradict us who have that faculty, on one of the very points of the faculty's clearest testimony?" Just so; and this suggests the reflection that there may be a Being whose range of perception excels ours, by considerably more than ours excels that of a blind man; and that if a large and intelligent portion of the human race assert that there are evidences, widely scattered up and down, of such a Being having made communications to man about matters momentously concerning man's interest, the only prudent thing, in that case, is to examine, most diligently and most perseveringly, every accessible part of evidence so important, and not refuse to weigh the evidence because of what it testifies. Of supine negligence in this matter we can only say with Pascal: "Cette négligence en une affaire où il s'agit d'eux mêmes, de leur éternité, de leur tout, ... m'étonne et m'épouvante: c'est un monstre pour moi. Je ne dis pas ceci par le zèle piéux d'une dévotion spirituelle: je prétends au contraire que l'amour propre, que l'intérêt humain, que la plus simple lumière de la raison, nous doit donner ces sentiments. Il ne faut voir pour cela que ce que

voient les personnes les moins éclairées." How much more does this hold good of men, possessed of high mental culture, who, according to St. Basil, will have a severe account to render if, being so keen-sighted to detect the truths of physical nature, they fail to come to the knowledge of Him who is the author of nature!

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled.
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours,
Honor her, for she is mighty!
Honor her, for she is ours.

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams, both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfil them,—
What he promised she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the lustre of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
With our loving hearts to-day!

AN INDIAN HERO.

More than a hundred and twenty-five years since a fort was built by the Spaniards, who were then the possessors of the country, about sixty miles above the spot where the river Arkansas pours into the Mississippi. They erected this fort for the double purpose of protecting the trading posts which were connected with it, and of strengthening their own right of possession of the lands which the advances of the French from above the Mississippi and the Illinois territory rendered necessary.

Few traces of this fort are now to be found, though the village, which has increased to be the chief town of the Arkansas country, still bears the name of Arkansas Post, in remembrance of the building which formerly stood there.

The fort lay on the north side of the river, on the southwest side of the "great prairie" which divides the State into two parts. On the south side of the river, and nearly opposite to the fort, there was a large village of Quapaw Indians, who boasted proudly that they had never shed a single drop of white man's blood. They lived on the most friendly terms with the Spaniards, willingly received their instructions, and soon surpassed other nations in their skill in the use of firearms. The warriors supplied the fort with game and the merchants with furs, while the squaws brought for purchase maize, beans, melons, and all kinds of vegetables of their own growing.

But these quiet and peaceable people had their enemies in the wild Osage Indians, who were always skirmishing around, and who sometimes acted as aids to the French in their operations against the Spaniards, sometimes committed robberies on their own account; for better defence against these, their common enemies, the Spaniards and the Quapaws made a compact for mutual aid and protection. A cannon-shot from the fort was to be the signal of approaching danger, and upon hearing this the Quapaws, who numbered at that time a thousand fighting-men, would hasten to the assistance of their allies.

At that time there dwelt on the Mississippi a band of robber adventurers under the command of a certain Clary, whose bold undertakings and cruel deeds were like those of a hero of romance. This band determined to attack the "Post" in order to get possession of the rich treasures which they knew were stowed away there, and they chose the autumn as the time for carrying their intentions into effect, a time when both whites and Indians were engaged in hunting the buffalo in the distant prairies. They rowed down the Arkansas in four large pirogues, landed two miles from the fort, and broke upon the unarmed village, forty men strong, at break of day, without their approach having been observed.

The governor of the country, and commandant of the post, Don Carlos de Villemont, had been called to New Orleans upon business some weeks before, and his family, consisting of his wife and a daughter of ten years old, were anxiously expecting his return. Although the Spaniards were lords of the country, yet the inhabitants of the fort were chiefly French or their descendants, and the wife of the governor, Donna Clara, was herself a French creole.

The robbers, of course, met with no resistance from the terrified and unresisting women, who were unable to oppose them. There was one negro who had sufficient presence of mind and intelligence to make the agreed signal, although there was small hope that their distant friends

and protectors would hear the roar of the gun.

The assailants first fell upon the fort, which they stripped of all its treasures and portable goods, then they plundered the village around it, frightfully ill-treated the inhabitants, and burned and destroyed everything that they could not carry off. Having completed their plunder and nearly destroyed the village, they returned with their booty to their boats.

But their chief did not seem satisfied with the rich plunder; probably he hoped to obtain a large ransom from the rich Governor, for before he disposed his booty in the boats, with his band he hastened back to the abode of the Governor, tore her little daughter from the arms of the despairing mother, and heeding neither the cries of the child nor the sorrowful entreaties of Donna Clara, hurried her away to the boats.

But the negro's cannon-shot had not been fired in vain; it had reached the ear of a true friend, and a brave heart answered the cry for help. When the Indians went forth to their chase, their chief or king, Sarasa, was too ill to accompany them, and he was therefore the only man who at the time of the alarm was left in the Indian village.

He might well suppose that the "Wild Cat," the chief of the Osages, with his whole horde, were surrounding the fort; he might well consider that his death would be inevitable if he appeared before them; but nothing could prevent his keeping his word pledged to his white brethren to help them in time of need. With quick decision he seized his gun and tomahawk, sprang into a canoe, and rowed to the fort, where he arrived about an hour after the robbers had left. The women at once rushed out to meet him, wringing their hands, and when he learned the frightful truth from the trembling lips, and heard the hated name of the pirate Clary, and when the beautiful Donna Clara threw herself weeping at his feet, and in heartrending accents implored him to save her child, the mighty Indian trembled with anger; with powerful springs he flew from the circle of weeping women towards the river, uttering his piercing war-cry.

In the meantime the pirates had got their rich plunder on board the boats and were revelling in the wine and other good things which they found among the Governor's treasures, while little Inez, the Governor's daughter, sat sobbing in a distant part of the boat, having been terrified into silence by the threats of the bandit-chief. The carouse was at its height, and the pirates were roaring out in chorus one of their wild songs, when suddenly the sound died on their lips, and every eye was attracted as by some irresistible power to one particular spot.

A tall, majestic figure, with gun in one hand and tomahawk in the other, stepped forth from the neighboring thicket, his eyes, bold, proud, and sparkling with anger, turned upon the robber-band. It was the King of the Quapaws, who must have been well known to the pirates as well as greatly feared by them, for they remained as if fixed to the ground, without moving their eyes from him. The Indian chief looked anxiously among the troop of astonished men for the boat in which was the child, gave the long war-cry of his tribe, and struck his tomahawk with a tremendous swing against the side of the pirogue. Then he climbed into the boat, raised the sobbing child in his arms, and strode away with her in the same solemn manner in which he had come, and, passing through the still paralyzed troop of robbers vanished in the thicket.

When the enchantment in which the bandits were held was dissolved by the disappearance of the warrior, Clary sprang up with the cry,

"Sarasa! Sarasa!" and all looked terrified around, as if they expected to hear the crack of a hundred rifles and the unearthly war-cry of the approaching Quapaws. Quick as lightning they hurried after their boats, got into them, and rowed down the stream with all their might, to get out of reach of the much-dreaded Indian rifles. Thus did the heroic courage of one man fill the hearts of half a hundred with alarm.

The parents of the man who told me this true story had been settled about forty years in that country, after France had ceded Louisiana to the United States. The Indians then exercised a right over the Arkansas territory, and the ancestors of this man must have received permission from King Sarasa to settle on his lands.

"At that time," my informant was told by his mother, "King Sarasa had reached a great age, but his carriage was still proud and upright, and his countenance had a decided and noble expression. He died some years before the removal of his tribe to another territory, by order of the United States, and was buried in the place where I now live, at that time one of the Indian villages. I well remember the time when the warriors of his race, before their departure to the far West, assembled around his grave at night, and cried with sorrowful voice: 'O King! come, O King, come!' It seemed as if they were imploring the spirit of the great king to accompany them on their constrained pilgrimage towards the setting sun."

The memory of my informant could go back to the times when the Quapaw and Choctaw Indians were no longer possessors of the land, but roved about in little bands, and for months and years would remain quiet and peaceful upon the fields which had once been their own. He declares that he never lived among more upright, honest, and truthful men than these Indians were. They never took an ear of corn, a melon, or a peach without first asking permission, though they often suffered want. In their gradual and undeserved extinction, they maintain their proud, stoical character, and it seems to be one of their greatest pleasures, when they can tell of the heroic deeds of their great King Sarasa to the ear of a willing listener.

SONNET.

TROUBLED SOULS.

To seek true rest and peace in wilds away,
  It is not strange that men have fled the world
  From all the storm and strife perpetual hurled
At the fair form of silence all the day;
For day and night do good and evil sway
  In close-knit fight, as when the Titans twirled
  And twisted in fierce combat: never furled
Is Satan's flag, blood-reddened in hell's ray.
And though thy cross, dear Christ, shines ever bright,
And thy sweet Mother downward bends her gaze,
  And thy bright saints own us in brotherhood,—
  Our souls are troubled, the world's wrong seems right,
Our sight is dim, we falter in the maze;
  For all our evil seems so near our good.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHEN the Indian policy of President Grant was inaugurated, the Catholic Church, as the reports state, "had stations and travelling Indian missionaries all over Arizona, among the scattered and impoverished descendants of the children of our once populous and flourishing missions. It had nineteen churches, commodious, substantial, brick buildings, with regularly attended stations among the Pueblos of New Mexico, and travelling missionaries over nearly the whole Territory; and in California the missionaries visited regularly, and administered to the wants of the few Indians that were left of the tribes that a hundred years ago gathered about the eighteen Franciscan missions, from which the *true* peace policy was first taught practically on the Pacific coast. In the vast region north of California there were twelve regular stations, from which our missionaries regularly visited every tribe from the mountains to the seashore. There were three stations in Idaho and three in Montana, from which Father De Smet and his followers journeyed and baptized, and taught the lessons of the Evangelists among the 18,000 Blackfeet and Crows, the 40,000 Sioux, and the numberless tribes of the Northwest, and the regions of Wyoming and Colorado. There were two stations in Kansas, two in Wisconsin; one in Michigan, and one in Maine, and from these stations the priests went out in all seasons to lift up and console the remnants of all tribes from ocean to ocean.

"When this policy was announced not a single Protestant Indian mission was known to exist on the whole Pacific slope. No Protestant church had undertaken the conversion of any Indian tribe in New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah or Idaho, until 1870; and after a fruitless attempt of some eleven or twelve years in Oregon and Washington Territory, the Methodists and Presbyterians had retired from the missionary field in 1848, and left it untended for twenty-two years.

"All who had any knowledge of our Indian tribes in 1870 knew that the Church was the *only* Indian missionary; it followed that we would have control of at least the forty agencies at which we had permanent mission stations if the peace policy was honestly administered; but it has not been honestly administered, and consequently we have not a single agency in California, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming or Idaho. We had only one in Arizona for a few years, and it has recently been abolished—the only one of six agencies—and by all official reports the most successful in its work of christianizing and civilizing its Indians. We have only two in Oregon, two in Washington Territory, one in Montana, and two in Dakota. All the other agencies, seventy-two in number, have been assigned to Protestant churches, and wherever these have obtained control, they claim it to be an exclusive spiritual as well as temporal control, thus assuming the right to exclude us from some thirty agencies where we have Catholic Indians, and from all others where we have not as yet been at work."

THE injustice inflicted on the Catholic Indians called loudly for remedial measures. Charles Ewing, Esq., is Catholic Commissioner for Indian Missions in Washington. From official reports it appears that much good has resulted from the establishment of this office. For example:

It has presented to the Interior Department carefully prepared and printed arguments, in which is given a full and clear interpretation of the Indian policy.

It has prepared and filed numerous and lengthy reports establishing the undeniable right of the Church, under this Indian policy, to thirty of the agencies that were assigned to Protestant control.

It has secured the assignment of three agencies to the care of the Church, and Catholic agents have been appointed.

It has secured the establishment of six Catholic boarding and manual labor schools at our Catholic agencies; and there is a fair prospect that within six or eight months two additional schools of the same kind will be in successful operation.

It has issued a large number of carefully prepared letters of instruction for the guidance of our agents; and it has promptly attended to and advanced the interests of all Indians who have applied to it.

A portion of the agencies have recently been visited, and important changes have resulted therefrom.

Many petitions from and on behalf of the Indians have been presented and urged as their merits demanded.

Various delegations from the several tribes were accompanied, and their grievances properly represented to the Indian Bureau.

An investigation of frauds alleged to have been practiced on a Catholic tribe by their Protestant agent has been secured.

This work has been done with *very limited* means, and there is much that *could not* be done for the want of means, and much more is now waiting for the help of charitable Catholics. Over 80,000 Catholic Indians, now forced to listen to Protestant teachings in church and school, must be saved from the danger threatening their faith; they must be provided with priests and schools. The 40,000 heathen Sioux who, in their last council, called so loudly and unanimously for our assistance, must be attended to. The 50,000 Indians of Alaska, who never saw any clergyman but the Roman Catholic and the Greek priest, stretch out their arms to us and call upon us for our spiritual help.

If the Catholic women of the United States do not hear this appeal, and give the little material help that is asked of them, our helpless brethren will call in vain.

On the 8th of October, 1876, the Catholics of San Francisco celebrated the Centennial anniversary of the foundation of the Mission of San Dolores in the Bay of San Francisco, by Father Serra and his brothers of the Franciscan Order. The dignitaries of Church and State assisted at this grand celebration, and the addresses and poems delivered were of a high order of merit. There was a procession, solemn High Mass, at which the Archbishop of San Francisco preached, and other events.

Few histories are more romantic than that of California. Its first discovery is associated with the name of Sir Francis Drake, that buccaneer of the sixteenth century, who played such havoc with the galleons of the king of Spain. The peaceful settlement and earnest labors of the Franciscans show us prosperous settlements and a real and earnest effort made to turn the American Indian into a citizen and a Christian. Force, fraud, and cupidity bring about the ruin of the missions, and after awhile the Spanish settlements in Western America became a portion of the rapidly growing American Union. The discovery of gold in 1848 causes a rush to San Francisco, and a city springs up in a night, where wild and bloody deeds were wrought. The influx of Chinese brought a new element into the country, and the construction of the Overland Pacific Railroad furnished a way by which the products of China and Japan may reach New York, and the manufactures of New England penetrate into Pekin.

The English sea captain, the Franciscan missionary, the Catholic Indian, the hardy pioneer, the miner, the Chinese coolie, have each and all played parts in this strange drama, and the Golden Gate will perhaps witness even stranger scenes and characters in the future.

Few things are more gratifying to note than the steady increase of churches in *small country villages*. In the first place, isolated Catholics scattered in the midst of a Protestant population, are extremely likely either to lose the faith, or, at best in the second generation, be absorbed into the general population. It is impossible to tell how many Catholics have thus been lost to the Church from this cause alone since the first settlement of America. A church and resident pastor established in a village or town where there appears to be but very few Catholics, seem to act as a magnet and attract Catholics from the most distant and obscure spots. They turn up in the most unexpected situations and where they would be least expected. Then again, in the country, people have more leisure and inclination to converse and compare notes about religion than in the city. They read more; we believe that a Catholic paper is read much more carefully in the country than in the city. City people glance at a paper, and throw it aside; residents in the country read it from end to end, advertisements and all. Any fairly intelligent Catholic, a Catholic of any piety and good sense, may in a country district find many opportunities for doing good and dispelling prejudices.

Why has not the Pope denounced the Bulgarian atrocities, and why do not the Catholics of Turkey take an active part in the insurrection? These are questions that have been asked, and seem to require an explanation. Cardinal Manning has answered the first conclusively by saying that the Holy See does not wish a "pool to become a river." If the Pope were to denounce the government of the Sultan, the massacres of Bulgaria might be repeated in Syria, in Roumelia, in Armenia, in Trebisond, and in all other places where there happened to be defenceless Catholics in the midst of an armed mob of fanatical Mohammedans. As regards the participation of Catholics in the insurrection, it must be observed that the avowed object of the Servians and their Russian allies is to establish a Sclavic empire, and in case of success it is extremely doubtful if Catholics would benefit by the change; while, if Russia should conquer, or annex any of the provinces of Turkey, the suppression of the Catholic religion would almost follow as a matter of course. The case of Poland shows this conclusively.

The birthday of Father Mathew was celebrated in England at Liverpool and London. Cardinal Manning and a large number of the English Catholic bishops are interesting themselves in the Temperance

movement, and the "League of the Cross and Crusade against Intemperance" is in a very prosperous condition, and receives large accessions of members every month.

The Bishop of Salford, of Liverpool, was very clear in stating that total abstinence men must not say that to break the pledge is a mortal sin. This is a theological and moral error, and one that Catholics must not fall into.

They must be equally careful to argue the question on Catholic principles. To take the pledge is an act of self-denial for the benefit of the example, or it is a means of "avoiding occasions of sin," viz., of the sin of drunkenness. It is not obligatory on any one. It does not take the place of any other virtue. It does not entitle the pledger to sneer at those who do not feel it a duty to take it. These errors being carefully avoided, and the movement regulated by the Church, the Catholic Temperance societies may do much good.

His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli is dead! The able statesman, the firm buttress and support of the interests of the Holy Roman See, the steadfast and intimate friend of the Holy Father, the one who for nearly a quarter of a century preserved and defended the Temporal States of the Church, the far-famed Cardinal Antonelli is no more. The intelligence although long expected was received with great sorrow by the Holy Father and the Church universal.

He was born at Sonnino in 1806, and therefore was over 70 years of age. He was created a Cardinal Deacon in 1847, and has been Secretary of State and Prime Minister to the Pope ever since 1849. He passed through the scenes of the Roman Revolution of 1848, of the French Protectorate, and saw the capture of Rome in 1870. He has ever since been the adviser of the Pope, and the wisdom of his advice has been long evident. Full of years and honors he has now gone. May he rest in peace.

The political contest being now over, it is to be confidently hoped and expected that all sectional and sectarian strife will be forever banished, and that the people of this country, irrespective of the antecedents of birth, and disregardful of appeals to partisan spirit, will hereafter advance in prosperity. A general improvement in business may be confidently expected. Good government, it is to be hoped, will secure the decrease of taxation, the removal of incompetent and dishonest officials, and a greater confidence in the administration of public affairs. Great as has been the national progress for the last century, it will be still greater in the future, for as the resources of the country are illimitable, the sources of them need but to be touched, and the streams of wealth will flow out.

The presence of the Holy Father in the Vatican draws to Rome an immense concourse of visitors, pilgrims, ecclesiastics, persons of distinction, artists, etc. All these persons spend money, some very large amounts. The advantages secured to Rome by this are so great that envy is excited among the other cities of Italy, and some citizens of Florence have proposed that the Reverend Pontiff and his *entourage* shall be transferred to their city. The cool impudence of this is refreshing. It shows, however, incidentally that when the Italians claim credit for not driving the Pope from Rome, the Catholic world can say: "Thank you for nothing!" Pius IX's presence in the Eternal City (although he is virtually imprisoned) is too profitable for its inhabitants for them ever to be willing to lose it.

Among the disadvantages Catholic papers have to struggle against, the love for "sensationalism" and "scandals" is not the least. The whole extensive field of "blood and thunder" murders, suicides, robberies, assaults, and tragedies dire is closed to their enterprise. The rapidity with which affairs occur nowadays makes the daily papers formidable competitors; news becomes old in a week. The secular press may and does often pander to popular errors and prejudices, but the Catholic press cannot do this. Some persons feel no interest in the affairs of the Church in general, and of course they know what occurs in their own parish, so they do not read the paper. Others cannot afford to indulge in what they consider at best a luxury and not a necessity.

There was an awkward hitch as regards the presentation of the Irish address to the American people. It seems that it is a rule that addresses from persons in foreign countries should be presented to the President through the ambassador of the country they are subjects of. Ireland has no ambassador at Washington, and the British Minister declined to present the address because there was an allusion in it to the seven centuries of tyranny which Ireland had experienced. Accordingly Messrs. Parnell and O'Conner Power were not allowed to present it formally to the President.

But the press has given it a wide circulation, and the American people, no doubt, appreciate it as much as they should.

The Catholic Congress of Italy assembled

on the 9th of October at Bologna, under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop Morichini. It was attended by a large concourse of persons, five bishops, and the representatives of the leading Catholic papers of Europe. An address was delivered by Duke Salviati, the president. But the revolutionary party was not idle. An organized assault was made on the Congress, and the members were assaulted and beaten. All this was done with the connivance of the authorities, who afterwards, instead of punishing the rioters, ordered the Congress to disperse. This outrageous act was protested against by the President and Congress, who, however, obeyed the tyrannical command.

CHRISTIAN art is another subject which the Italian Congress is taking into consideration. Italy is the home and capital of Christian art; yet France, we believe, supplies most of the religious cards, etc., which we have in America. The designs of these are often beautiful and symbolical; but they are sometimes fanciful, and always have mottoes in French, which are lost to those unacquainted with that language. We need good religious paintings and engravings at a low cost.

It is a beautiful and Catholic custom to have an oratory, with either statues, pictures, etc., and even if there cannot be an oratory, every family should have one or more objects of religious art. The whole subject is one which deserves attention.

THE discovery of a new route from Russia to China by water, may produce important consequences in the near future. While the frontiers of the great Northern Empire have been advanced towards India, they have been even still further advanced towards China. China would afford a greater field than even India for Russian ambition. Its population, although immense, is cowardly and unwarlike, and no European nation holds it in subjection already.

Even if annexation is not possible, the trade of China is very valuable.

THE progress of the Turks, their capture of Djunis, and the danger of Servia's subjugation, induced the Czar to dispatch his ultimatum to Turkey on October 31st, demanding an immediate cessation of hostilities and an armistice. The more danger there is of Servia's complete subjugation by Turkey, the more likelihood of Russian assistance. Turkey's victories are her real peril; should the prudence and moderation of the Porte be superior to the fanaticism of its Mohammedan subjects, war will be averted, at least for the present.

THE Celtic tongue is receiving great attention from scholars at the present time. Strange to say, the impulse did not originate in Ireland, but in Germany; some of whose scholars have devoted years to its study, animated thereunto by the discovery of ancient manuscripts (in Latin and Celtic) in German monasteries, written by the Irish monks in the seventh and eighth centuries. Several Gallic papers have been started in Scotland, and at Edinburgh University a Celtic chair is to be established, for the endowment of which $40,000 have been already raised, and $60,000 will be raised by November next.

CATHOLIC colonies in the West should be formed, if at all, as speedily as possible. The same is to be said of the South. Both sections offer millions of unsettled and uncultivated land to the industry of the toiler; in both the prelates and clergy are not only willing, but anxious, to co-operate in any way with the settlers; and as regards the West, the future seat and centre of American empire lies there, and it is important, indeed, that the Catholic Church should not only hold its own there, but increase, and this cannot be done by a policy of neglect, carelessness, and indifference.

THE unsuccessful attempt of the British Expedition to reach the North Pole (although they came within 400 miles of it) will probably act as a deterrent to similar attempts for some time, unless American enterprise should enter upon the task, and push the exploration.

The expedition was splendidly equipped and fully provided with everything necessary. It has discovered a good deal, still *the* feat has not been accomplished, and the North Pole still bids defiance to the courage and ingenuity of man.

CONVERTS to the Catholic Church, particularly if they are clergymen, are beset by many difficulties. Laymen, who have always been regarded as laymen, can adapt themselves to altered circumstances, but a Protestant minister finds it very awkward to embark in commercial or industrial pursuits. His whole previous mental training and habits unfit him for it. Sometimes they take to lecturing, and sometimes they succeed in obtaining situations in colleges, schools, and seminaries, but very many sink into obscurity, and their talents are lost to the church.

SHORT, plain tracts, written in an easy colloquial style, and dealing with popular misapprehensions on religious subjects, would be very convenient to send to friends. Such

a series exists in England, called the Clifton Tracts, and they have done an immense amount of good. They might be on such subjects as these: "Why Mass is said in Latin," "Why priests do not marry," "Why the Pope is Head of the Church," "What is the Mass?" "What is Purgatory," "What is the use of Holy Water," "Why do Catholics have so many ceremonies," "Do you go to Confession?" etc., etc.

CHURCHES, chapels, and hospitals increase rapidly in number. In St. Louis the Church of the Holy Name was dedicated lately, and in Chicago the Church of the Nativity had its corner-stone laid. In small towns churches are being erected all the time.

New St. Agnes's Hospital, Baltimore, has been completed. It cost $120,000.

The Cathedral of Dubuque has been improved, and the new Cathedrals of Erie and Hartford are being pushed forward rapidly.

The great Cathedral of New York is being plastered.

THE Italian Catholic Congress, in session at Bologna, has a section devoted to the consideration of Catholic hospitals. This subject is equally important here. There are a large number of hospitals, but if more *free beds* were founded by charitable donors, the amount of good they could accomplish would be enhanced. The management is good, the nurses are excellent, but the liberality of Catholics does not, as it should, secure a sufficient endowment. This is because the majority of wealthy Catholics have not bestowed thought on the matter.

IT will be very difficult for the Catholics of America to establish a satisfactory condition of parochial education without normal schools for the training of teachers. The capability of imparting instruction is not one that comes by instinct, nor is it identical with the capacity or love for acquiring information. The English and Irish Catholics have such schools, and we believe that the German Catholics have likewise one in America, but three or four at least are required.

THE Centennial Exhibition has been a surprising success. 7,000,000 of cash visitors have paid all expenses and left a handsome balance. The Main Building will be retained, and be the scene of a permanent exhibition. The British and Japanese Governments have presented their buildings to the City of Philadelphia.

THE *Toronto Mail* says, there are 1,150,000 Catholics now in the Dominion of Canada, and 243,016 in the maritime provinces, or nearly half of the total population.

Catholicity in Canadn is in a flourishing condition. The University of Lowel has been raised to the rank and power of an established institution of the Holy See. It is chartered by the government, and an experience of a quarter of a century has established it on a firm basis.

WHILE Bismarck's minions are enforcing the anti-Catholic laws, the Catholics are at work. The great annual meeting of the Catholic Unions of Germany has just been concluded at Munich. The late president, Baron von Loe, is now in a Prussian gaol. Count Proschma, a Silesian nobleman, presided over the meeting. The meeting was attended by Mgr. Bianchi, the Papal nuncio, and by the Archbishop of Munich. Representatives of Catholic unions and associations attended from every part of Germany. A breve from the Pope, addressed to the assembly, insisted upon the duty of the Catholics of Germany to reject every compromise, as the present conflict between the Church and State was not on matters of detail or of discipline, but touched on vital principles essential to the preservation of the Catholic faith.

THE question of establishing a Catholic national university has been ably discussed by Right Rev. Bishop Becker in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. In the current number the learned Doctor suggests a plan for the organization and management of the proposed university, which it would be well for all who are in sympathy with him in this noble movement to ponder carefully. No one doubts the usefulness, if not the necessity, of such an institution as Doctor Becker is so zealously striving for, though some question the possibility of its success at the present time. To this latter class, we doubt not, the action in question will prove a revelation.

As for ourselves we are of the opinion that no obstacles are too great to be overcome in the attainment of a legitimate object; and if the Catholics of the United States want a university, all they have to do is to say so, and go to work and build it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COMMON SCHOOL LITERATURE, English and American. With Several Hundred Extracts for Literary Culture. By J. Willis Westlake, A. M., Professor of English Literature in the State Normal School, Millersville, Pa. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co., 1876.

This work, as we learn from its preface, aims at fulfilling a very important purpose,—"to show the growth of our literature through its various eras, to present a concise view of the lives and characters of its representative authors, and to bring forth from the thought-treasures of our language a variety of literary gems for the enrichment of the mind of the student." All this the author "aims" to accomplish, and evidently thinks he has accomplished in a small 16mo. work of 152 pages. This, of itself, in our opinion shows how utterly unacquainted he is with the nature and extent of the task he has undertaken. We were not surprised, therefore, on passing beyond the preface and looking into the body of the book, to find it mainly a catalogue of the names of writers, more or less well known in the English language, arranged according to the order of time. The remarks respecting the literary productions of these writers are necessarily brief, and by no means discriminating or critical. They frequently consist of the vaguest generalities, such as "one of the brightest ornaments of the age," "one of the greatest men that ever lived," "the only great genius that flourished in this age," "one of a brilliant galaxy," "one of the most learned men of his day," etc., etc.

Taking the "Elizabethan Age" as a sample, we turn to Shakspeare. After a biographical sketch of eight lines, from which we learn that Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon 1564, married, went to London, "obtained both fame and fortune," retired to Stratford in 1611, and died in 1616, we are told that "his greatest works are his dramas," that "these may be classified as to their nature into Tragedies and Comedies; as to their origin into Historical and Fictitious;" and that "the historical plays may be still further divided into Authentic and Legendary." With the exception of the titles of four of the tragedies, three of the comedies, and four of the historical plays, which Mr. Westlake selects as the best, this is absolutely all Mr. Westlake can say about Shakspeare. The selections appear to have been made with no other idea than that of brevity. There are two selections of three lines each; two of six lines, and one of eleven lines.

Of Sir Francis Bacon as a writer, we learn that "he is especially honored as the father of inductive philosophy; his most profound work is *Novum Organum*, but his most popular one is his essays;" only that, and nothing more. How much information is given respecting other writers of this age may be inferred from the following notices, which we give in full:

"THOMAS HOBBES (1588–1679), an eminent philosopher, author of the *Leviathan*."

"SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682), a quaint and powerful writer, author of *Religio Medici* (*Religion of a Physician*)," etc.

These are fair examples of how much real information is given in the work respecting English literature in the different periods and subdivisions of periods into which the writer divides it.

His own literary ability may be inferred from the following sentences taken from page 9: "The literature produced in England from about 450 to 1050 A.D. *were* in Anglo-Saxon, now a dead language. *Those* produced between 1050 and 1350 *were* in a dialect which was neither Anglo-Saxon nor English," etc.

We have referred to the selections. They exhibit a lamentable want of discrimination, or rather want of ability to make the extract show the distinguishing character of the writer. Take, for example, John Ruskin, who, Dr. Westlake says, was "the greatest art critic of his time." Here are three out of the four selections Dr. Westlake makes to illustrate Ruskin's critical ability:

"I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.

"None can love God nor his human brother without loving all things which his Father loves.

"Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons."

If it were intended to exhibit Ruskin as a moral philosopher these extracts would answer quite well, but how they prove him to have been an eminent "art critic" it is difficult to understand.

The work is not less objectionable on account of its sectarian bias than it is faulty in other respects. It is expressly designed as a text-book to be used in the public schools, and we presume will be generally introduced into them. Dr. Westlake is Professor of English Literature in the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa., the leading State Normal School in Pennsylvania. Occupying that position he should endeavor, and we presume has endeavored to be what

is currently understood as "unsectarian." What that really means, will appear from his allusions to religion in this work as well as from his selections. It is perfectly evident from them that he imagines Catholics have no right to expect their religion to be respectfully mentioned. On page 10, we are told that "the age of Chaucer was a period of . . . awakening thought and of vigorous protest against the vices and tyranny of the higher clergy. At this time were sown by Wickliffe and others the seeds that produced more than a century later the English Reformation under Henry VIII." Again: "John Wickliffe, a learned preacher, known as 'the Morning Star of the Reformation,' author of the first English translation of the Bible." A statement which shows that the author's ignorance equals his sectarian bias. Again: "Tyndale and Coverdale, translators of the Bible, Tyndale suffered martyrdom."

Sir Thomas More comes in for the following notice: "Chancellor to Henry VIII, executed because he refused to assist the king in getting a divorce from Catherine (not Queen Catherine). Author of *Utopia*, a prose romance." Of "the Elizabethan age" we are told: "Among the chief glories of the age were . . . the translation of the Bible, *our present version*, under King James in 1611, and that one of the chief historical events was *the restoration of the Protestant Anglican Church*."

When a writer is eulogized by Dr. Westlake who is a Protestant, he is sure to refer to his religion. When the writer is a Catholic no mention is made of it. A host of English Catholic writers are not even mentioned by name. You look in vain for the names of Crashaw or Southwell, of Faber, Wilberforce, Newman, and Manning, though there are long catalogues of obscure writers, of no merit, and even Spurgeon comes in for a complimentary notice.

In treating of American literature from 1640 to 1875, divided into three periods, lengthy catalogues are given, and the titles of their productions, even down to Breckenridge's "Modern Chivalry" (a miserable attempt at an imitation of *Don Quixote*), Hopkinson's *Battle of the Kegs*, Adams's *Oliver Optics Stories for Boys*, and Fanny Fern's *Ginger Snaps*, yet not a single Catholic writer is mentioned. Dr. Westlake seems not to know that such persons as Bishop England, Archbishops Kenrick, Hughes, and Spalding, Father Thébaud, Huntingdon, J. Gilmary Shea, and other Catholic writers existed. This is not because Dr. Westlake ignores writers on religion or preachers.

Due mention is made of Cotton Mather as "one of the most learned men that New England ever produced;" of Jonathan Edwards as, according to Robert Hall, "the greatest of the sons of men;" of John Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians, who translated the Bible into an Indian dialect;" of John Woolman, "a noted Quaker preacher;" of Theodore Parker, E. H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, "the most gifted pulpit orator . . . probably in the world;" Alexander, Hodge, Barnes, McClintock, and Talmage, "a popular preacher of Brooklyn, author of *Crumbs Swept Up*," etc., but not a reference that we can find to a single Catholic writer or speaker.

The third part of this book is made up of what Dr. Westlake calls a "Basket of Thought-Gems." Among these are quite a number of commonplaces, some of which may be useful as maxims, but have as little right to be styled "gems" as the stones which make up the bed of a turnpike; others are positively false. For example:

"School-houses are the republican line of fortifications." "An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves." "If there is anything that ought to be said, say it; if there is anything that ought to be done, do it." "Jails and State prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former." "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and *forgot* to put a soul into." "I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall (all) rise refreshed in the morning." "It is well to think well, it is divine to act well." "Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity." "We should strive to exemplify in our lives what we most admire in others." "New occasions make new duties; time *makes ancient good uncouth*." "Civility costs nothing and buys everything." "*Earnestness alone makes life eternity*." "All good costs. For strength is born of struggle, *faith of doubt*, of discord law," etc.

These are enough to show what notions Dr. Westlake has of "thought-gems," and also to show how little consciousness he has of the fact that rationalism and positive infidelity is mixed up with his "unsectarian" religion.

THE NORMAL HIGHER ARITHMETIC, Designed for Advanced Classes in Common Schools, High Schools, Academies, etc. By Edward Brooks, A.M., Principal and Professor of Mathematics in Pennsylvania State Normal School, and author of the "Normal Series of Arithmetics," etc. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

Mr. Brooks is so well known as a successful teacher, and his series of text-books on

arithmetic have obtained such general use, that we would have been disappointed if, on examining his "Higher Arithmetic," we had not found it worthy of commendation.

The special object of the work is to be a treatise on the science of numbers in its most extensive practical applications. Especial pains appear to have been taken to exhibit the logical relations of the science. The definitions are accurate and concise, the solutions clear and direct, the principles and practical rules founded on them are stated in brief and exact form.

These features of the work are very meritorious, and we find them characterizing it throughout. We are particularly pleased with the method of treating, in the first or theoretical portion of the work, of the subjects of Common Divisors, Multiples, the Relations of Numbers, and Fractions. In that portion of the work which is devoted more especially to the application of arithmetical science, to the leading lines of business, the union of scientific principles with practical methods is well maintained. We instance as examples of this, the subjects of Proportion; Percentage; Par, Premium, and Discount; Brokerage; Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance; Stocks and Commission; Brokerage; Interest; Discount; Custom-House Business; Exchange, etc.

To advanced students in arithmetic, and to persons in stores and offices desirous of familiarizing themselves with the application of arithmetical science to practical business calculations, this work will be of great service.

THE VOICE OF JESUS SUFFERING TO THE MIND AND HEART OF CHRISTIANS: A Book on the Passion. Divided into Two Parts. By a Passionist Missionary Priest. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 37 Barclay Street, 1876.

Meditation on the great mysteries of religion is the highest form of devotion. Books, therefore, which tend to inspire this habit or which rightly guide and strengthen it, cannot but prove highly useful.

The treatise before us has been, in great part, compiled from other works of rare merit already published, but not generally accessible. This does not detract from the value of this work, but adds to it, as it is thus made to contain and present not only pious thoughts and considerations of the writer, but also those which he has been able to gather from other authors of distinguished merit. He has drawn some of his material from *Hidden Treasure of the Great Ventura*, and has also made large use of the *Universal History of our Lord's Passion*, of the learned and pious Father Francis Constero, S. J., and also of the great Cornelius A. Lapide.

For all who desire to lead an interior life, or to aspire towards perfection, this work cannot but be a very valuable help, and to all who will read it with a devout mind it will be a source of great edification and spiritual improvement.

LINKED LIVES. By Lady Gertrude Douglas. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. Benziger Brothers.

The notices we had seen of this story, previous to glancing over it, rather prejudiced us against it. They seemed too eulogistic, and some of them read as though they were prepared puffs. Since taking up the book, however, we have somewhat changed our opinion. It is a story of high life and low life in Scotland. The scenes are laid principally in Glasgow. The wretchedness and wickedness of that wicked city are touched upon sufficiently to bring them well before the mind, and yet in such a way as to avoid the bad effects which pictures of wickedness, even in its deformity, sometimes produce. The terrible temptations which beset the poor of great cities are well brought out. The delineations of the characters of the persons of gentle birth who figure in the story are natural and well drawn. The story is full of pathetic incidents, and in its *denouement* is tragic, and forms a fitting close to a story of more than ordinary interest.

THE BROWN HOUSE AT DUFFIELD. A Story of Life Without and Within the Fold. By Mary Minnie Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., Publishers, 1876.

This is a story of considerable power. The scenes are laid chiefly in New England. There are no very striking incidents in the story itself, except towards the end, when it becomes somewhat tragical, but the strongly marked and entirely different characters of two sisters, who are the principal personages of the story, make it interesting from the outset. Several phases of New England Protestantism are truthfully depicted. There is a mystery about the leading personages which is well maintained, until at the close, when it is clearly and naturally explained. "Mary Minnie Lee" was severely criticized in regard to her first production, and has evidently profited by it. She evidently has very fair abilities, particularly in description, and bids fair to become a popular writer of Catholic stories.

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